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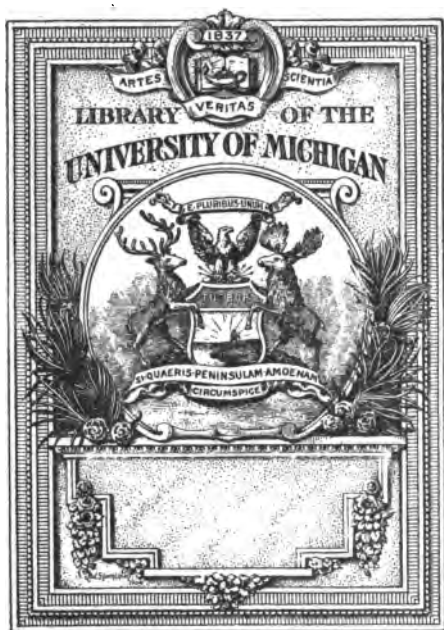
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MISCELLANEOUS STORIES, SKETCHES, ETC.

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OF

IRELAND

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BY

SAMUEL LOVER

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

D. J. O'DONOGHUE

Author of

"THE LIFE OF WILLIAM CARLETON"

"THE LIFE OF JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN"

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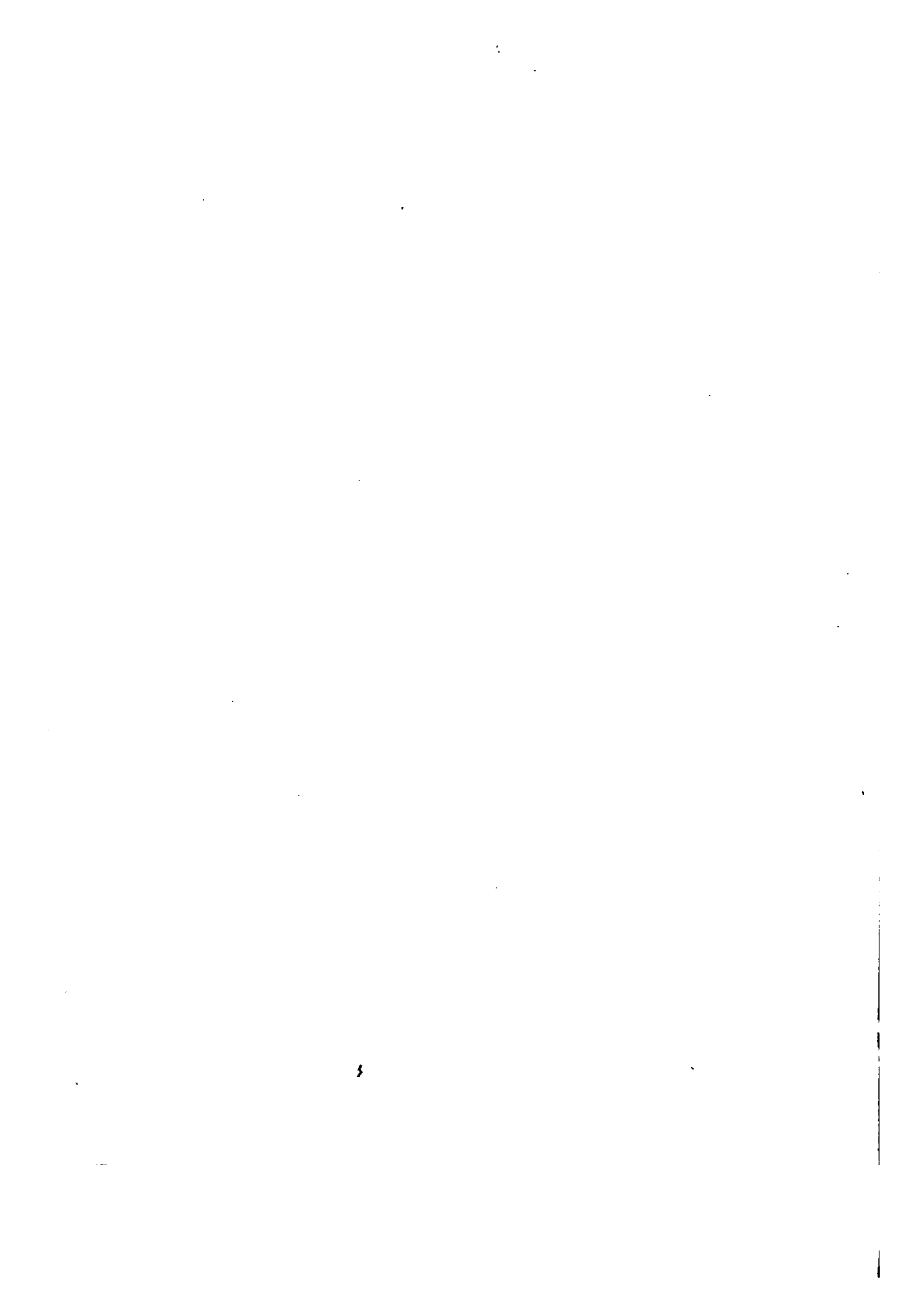
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INTRODUCTION

OF the many Irish novelists who have won popularity outside Ireland, probably none is so widely-known as Lover. He had not the dash or buoyancy of Charles Lever, the dramatic power of Gerald Griffin, the weird intensity of Lefanu, or the pathos of Carleton, and certainly in knowledge of the peasantry he was inferior to them all; but the irresistible humour of his writings has given him a place of his own not to be questioned. The novelists I have mentioned also possessed a great gift of humour, while Lover lacked several of the qualities for which they are distinguished, yet even Charles Lever does not stand higher as a humourist than he, who had an unfailing fund of spontaneous, sudden jest, of contagious comic impulse. Several biographers of Lover have dwelt upon his many accomplishments, and have expressed unstinted admiration for his remarkable versatility in literature, music and art. They have labelled him, in letters of extra size, Poet, Painter, Etcher, Composer, Novelist, and Dramatist, and no one will deny that he achieved a certain amount of distinction in every thing he attempted. But not one of his biographers seems to properly appreciate

his chief claim to remembrance. It is quite safe to predict that he will be remembered as a humourist long after he has been forgotten as an artist and musician. His best songs are not those in which he seriously attempts the highest qualities of poetry, but those which express his humorous conceptions; and his stories are only admirable in so far as they are conducive to merriment. His serious work is more or less prosy—there is an artificiality about it which indicates that he is only really at his ease when he is giving a loose rein to his store of humorous ideas. "Treasure Trove," which may be considered his only serious novel, is, though a very readable book, undoubtedly the least interesting of his writings. "Rory O'More was, perhaps, seriously intended as an historical romance, but it is really a collection of incidents devised and written round a character who is quite as well-drawn as the immortal "Handy Andy" himself, and the work abounds in as genuine and rich humour as that most famous of Lover's stories. But there is, of course, no pretence of seriousness in "Handy Andy."

Lover is, first and last, an Irish humourist, and yet, like Lever, who had an almost equally inexhaustible stock of that humour which is commonly believed to be essentially Irish, he had a considerable infusion of English blood in his veins. His father was a Dublin stock-broker who seems to have had little of the æsthetic feeling about him, and who seems to have regarded art, literature and music as "mere humbug," amusements fit only for

those whose minds were half-formed or unevenly balanced, and not to be looked upon as genuine or worthy professions for rational beings. Samuel Lover, who was born in Dublin on Feb. 24th, 1797, surprised his respectable Philistine of a father by showing at a very early age a decided taste for those amusements which were deemed to be beneath the consideration of a stock-broker, and he seriously exasperated the same honest broker by very clearly stating his unhesitating preference for music and art rather than for the contemplation of the rise and fall of stocks and shares—even to the extent of adopting the study of them as a profession. He was a mere infant when he was discovered one day in a distant part of the house strumming on an old piano the tune of Moore's song "Will you come to the bower?" A musical friend of the Lovers' declared the boy had a remarkable aptitude for music, and urged the father to buy him a good piano and have him taught. This was eventually done, and the love of music, engendered in him by his mother's singing of Irish melodies, was thus promoted and developed.

His first school was kept by a lady, who taught him the elements, after which he was sent to an academy, where he studied so hard that his health soon suffered. So pertinaciously, indeed, did he attend to his tasks, so absorbed did he become in his studies that even his unsympathetic father became alarmed, and he was despatched, at the age of twelve, to a delightful corner of Co. Wicklow where, as the orders were strict that he should not see

a book, he made his first acquaintance with the Irish peasantry, whose habits and phraseology he was afterwards to illustrate so happily. This sojourn in Wicklow restored him to complete health, and provided him with a more robust constitution than had been hoped for by his parents. He returned to school, where he stayed for another year and a half, and, although relatives strongly advised that he should be sent to the university, was then admitted to his father's office as a clerk, much against his own wishes. His father, however, was an obstinate man, who had made up his mind upon the matter, and he would listen to no objections. Mrs. Lover was at this time dead. For a time, the boy loyally followed his father's wishes, and worked hard at his thoroughly uncongenial employment, but he continued to give up his evenings to his musical and artistic practice. The evident distaste for the work in the office, the growing fondness for the evening recreations of music and drawing gradually impressed themselves upon his father, who was bitterly disappointed in his son, and finally the parental warnings and threats led to an open breach between them, and the youthful genius was peremptorily told that he must abandon his thoughts of an artistic career, or leave his father's house. But as a last resource he was sent off to London, where he was received into the business house of a friend of his father's. It was confidently expected that the change of scene would destroy the budding hopes

he had formed of distinguishing himself in art or music. Lover was sixteen years of age at this time. At the end of a year he returned with a stronger determination than ever to apply himself to art, and with additional leanings towards literature. He informed his father of his intention, and, after a stormy scene, started out "on the world" with a very few pounds, but with overflowing animal spirits, and a buoyant hope of success in one or other of the arts which he had so persistently studied. For some time he lived from hand to mouth, and made acquaintance with real privation. But gradually his social gifts, and his genuine artistic talent made him known and esteemed, and enabled him to earn a decent livelihood by painting. He studied carefully, and eventually reached an acknowledged and high position in the Irish art of the time. He must have been very well known in Dublin in 1818, when he was twenty-one years of age, for he was asked to compose a song for the banquet to Tom Moore, then on a visit to his native city, and to sing it for the assembled company, which included all the notables of Dublin.

The first pictures exhibited by Lover were of marine subjects, but he soon recognized that his talent lay in portraiture, and he took up miniature painting as a special subject, and acquired a proficiency in it which was something more than mere cleverness. Indeed, it is not disputed that a few of his miniatures rank very high among examples of that species of art, which photo-

graphy has destroyed as a profession. When Lover adopted it, miniature portrait-painting was in its decline, but some brilliant exceptions to the general level of commonplace work were still being produced, both in England and Ireland. The latter country had contributed something to the art, as all who have seen the admirable work of Chinnery and Comerford and a few others will admit, but it is doubtful whether even those masters have excelled Lover at his best. He became a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy in 1826.

In 1828 he was elected its secretary, and retained the position as long as he remained a professional artist. His greatest success in art was won in 1832, when he induced Paganini the violinist, then in Dublin, to give him sittings for a portrait. This work, a miniature, was exhibited in 1833 at the Royal Academy Exhibition in London and was unanimously declared one of the best portraits of its size ever painted. Wilkie, Chantrey and Sir M. A. Shee declared that the painting of the violin in the picture was worthy of Gerard Douw. This portrait considerably raised the status of Lover in the world of art. He was already making a good income by his work, and had received commissions from the Duke of Wellington and his brother the Marquis of Wellesley, the Duke of Leinster and other nobles, and now followed invitations from London, where he settled in 1837. Unfortunately, perhaps, for his worldly prospects, a suggestion that he should paint the portrait of the young Princess

Victoria, conveyed through Sir John Conroy, her comptroller, from the Duchess of Kent, had to be declined by Lover, owing to domestic troubles which prevented him from leaving Ireland at the right time. This probably prevented, as a wit has pointed out, a Lover succeeding a Hayter as portrait-painter in ordinary to the Queen, Sir George Hayter being at that time the holder of the office. He had married an amiable catholic lady of Dublin, named Berrel, in 1827, and with her led a very happy life until her death in 1847. In spite of his love of company and of the social pleasures, the fondness for his home and family which he displayed was the admiration of his friends. His natural tenderness is exhibited not merely in the details of his private life—it is one of the most noticeable features of his stories and songs, and is even present in his pictures. It is not certain that Lover would ever have reached a higher standing in art than he did, and consequently his resolve to become a writer of Irish stories was doubtless wise. But it was not any disbelief in his capacity as an artist which prevented him from devoting his life wholly to art. He had not excelled his Paganini portrait, yet one or two others, notably those of Lord Brougham in his robes, “An Egyptian,” Thalberg the pianist, and particularly a gorgeously clothed “Indian Ambassador” had most worthily sustained his reputation as a true artist. He still painted and exhibited, but more and more of his time was every year given to literature. His

first appearance in print was in 1830, as he himself explains. He had been previously connected with several clubs, which received literary contributions from its members "not necessarily for publication." With one of these, the Burschenschaft, Charles Lever, his junior by eight years, was prominently associated, and it was probably due to this reason that his earliest printed pieces appeared in the Dublin *National Magazine*, which, as Lover's biographers seem to have overlooked, was edited by Lever. Lover, writing late in life, made the mistake of calling the periodical the *Dublin Literary Gazette*, which it did not become till later. "You ask," he says in one of his letters, "when I first appeared in print. In the *Dublin Literary Gazette*, (after the manner of the London *do.*) a paper of mine called 'Ballads and Ballad-Singers' was the *premier pas*. The French say '*C'est le premier pas qui coute*,' but my *premier pas* cost the publisher nothing, at all events. In the same publication appeared, secondly, 'The Legend of the King and the Bishop'—thirdly, 'The Gridiron,' which was a great success, being reprinted in many forms in England and Ireland: that was the last thing I wrote for 'honour and glory'. I got paid after that." The extremely amusing story of "The Gridiron" was as great a success in its own way as his Paginini portrait, and it is recorded that when Lover was introduced to Malibran, the famous singer, she charmed him by the remark in delicious broken English—"Will you lend me the loan of a Gridiron?"

The story, indeed, became so popular that Lover began to gather traits and anecdotes of the Irish peasantry, with a view to using them in future tales which at the same time were taking shape in his mind. In 1832 the first series of his "Legends and Stories of Ireland," illustrated by some humorous etchings of his own, was published, and met with almost universal praise from both English and Irish journals. One or two Irish critics were somewhat guarded in their criticisms, recognising that some of the stories were old ones retold by Lover. But he had disarmed his critics by admitting that one or two of them were not of his own invention. His second and much superior series of "Legends" appeared in 1834, and delighted even those who were slightly grudging in their welcome to the first. The leading story, "Barney O'Reardon," had been published in the newly established *Dublin University Magazine*, which for many years provided the Irish public with literature which could bear comparison with all but the best produced at the time in England. Writers like Charles Lever, William Carleton, W. H. Maxwell, J. S. Lefanu and a host of others of equal gifts wrote almost exclusively for it. Curiously enough, Lover's connection with it ended in the same year as it began. He wrote only two stories for it. It has been assumed, and perhaps correctly, that this may have been through some jealousy on the part of Lever, who was for many years the mainstay of the magazine, and for three years—1842 to 1845—

its editor. The rumour is not altogether so absurd as Lever's undoubted amiability and kindliness of heart might suggest, for it is a strange fact that other Irish novelists—and notably Carleton—were not admitted to the pages of the magazine during Lever's editorship. But the two writers remained on friendly terms all along. Lover painted a portrait of Lever, and copied Comerford's miniature of James Lever for the latter's son. The instant success of the "Legends and Stories of Ireland" practically determined Lover's inclination to depend chiefly upon literature for a livelihood. He wrote at this time for the *Irish Penny Magazine* a series of "Illustrations of National Proverbs" which are now collected for the first time in this edition, and prepared himself for more sustained work than short sketches and stories.

He had been a prominent member of several clubs, whose deliberations and recreations, being of a private character, do not need any detailed description here. But it is impossible to omit a record of the doings of the "Comet Club," of which he was one of the most useful and active members. A few words as to its origin and activities are necessary, as its name is barely known in England. It was started in 1829 as an organization to combat the tithe system, which until recently burdened the people of Ireland. It was by no means a mere Catholic movement—many of the leading members of the club, including Lover, were Protestants. In the *Comet*, a paper connected with the agitation, which was founded

in May 1831, fierce war was made upon the tithe collectors, and wit and satire were unsparingly used in the crusade. At times, the satire passed the recognised limit, and brutal personalities were not at all uncommon. The success of the paper was, however, very great, though it was to be surpassed in "The Parson's Horn-Book," a collection of ferocious satires, with remarkable comic etchings by Lover, which was brought out by the Comet Club in 1831. A second series followed, and it is believed that since the days of Swift's pamphlets, no book was so widely circulated in Ireland. Many thousands of copies were sold at a high price, and a second series, no less successful, was launched. This was also illustrated by Lover, and gave the public a fresh example of the versatility and skill of the artist. Another collection, called "The Valentine Post Bag" followed, but it did not meet with quite the same popularity. One of Lover's biographers says that he wrote some of the sketches in the "Horn-Book," but this is doubtful. I believe they were all written by Thomas Browne ("Jonathan Buckthorn"), an incisive and scathing writer, called at the time "The Irish Cobbett," and Norreys Jephson, afterwards Sir Charles Denham Jephson Norreys, M.P. for Mallow, who died so recently as 1888.

Possibly, too, John Sheehan, assistant editor of the *Comet*, and afterwards well-known to readers of *Bentley's Miscellany* and *Temple Bar* as "The Knight of Innishowen" and "The Irish Whiskey-Drinker," and undoubt-

edly the original of Captain Shandon in "Pendennis," may have lent a hand in the production of some of the squibs. Many members of the "Comet Club" contributed to its journal, though not to the volumes named. Some of these writers subsequently achieved a reputation outside Ireland, such as Robert Knox, sometime editor of the London *Morning Herald*, and eventually a British Consul, who died in 1859; John Cornelius O'Callaghan, author of "The Green Book" and of the very learned "History of the Irish Brigades in the service of France"; Joseph Sterling Coyne, one of the founders of *Punch* and for many years a successful dramatist in London; and others who, if not so well-known, were of distinguished ability. For two or three years the brilliant contributors to *Comet* did excellent service in the cause of those oppressed by tithes, but they went a little too far in personalities, and the Government seeing that the tithe agitation was becoming formidable, and that payment was being resisted everywhere, took advantage of the appearance of some more than usually unguarded phrases and prosecuted Browne and Sheehan, the editor and his chief assistant. Despite the eloquence of O'Connell and other eminent advocates, the two were sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and ordered to pay a fine of £200 each. The term of incarceration was, however, much shortened after consideration, and the fines remitted. Thenceforth, the *Comet* sank into insignificance. Previous to the prosecution, some of its leading contributors had seceded owing to personal differences, and had

founded another journal, which had a very short life. Lover dropped both sections, and wisely confined his energies to his artistic work and to less contentious literary undertakings. It is essential that his connection with the tithe-movement should be recorded, as it explains certain allusions in his stories, and has been completely overlooked by his biographers, who were evidently unaware of the facts. Lover had strong national opinions at the outset of his career, but these were somewhat modified in later life. He was always, however, passionately attached to Ireland, and in the best sense of the word was always a nationalist. His natural talent for song-writing was very frequently turned to account from the moment he began to devote his leisure to literature, and he composed, words and music, many songs which made him famous all over the United Kingdom. "Rory O'More," "Barney O'Hea," "I'm not myself at all," "Widow Machree," "Molly Bawn," "Molly Carew," and other humorous songs by him have never been excelled by any other Irish poet—they are inimitable for archness and fancy. His more serious poems are rather artificial in general, but he has occasionally struck a deep and genuine note. It cannot be said that the effusions of this character which are interspersed in his stories have any value as poetry. His songs made their own way, and required no bribing of eminent singers to popularise them. Writing to a friend, Lover says, "You have heard, you say, that no songs can become popular unless some

professed artist *is paid to sing them*. Now, in my own experience I know that is not true, for there is no doubt that plenty of my songs have become popular, and I never paid a farthing to any singer in my life to dandle my bantlings before the public. Public singing by paid singers I look upon as crutches for cripples." Altogether, Lover wrote the words of over three hundred songs, and for many of them composed the music. A little of his "composing" was, however, of the kind much favoured by Michael Kelly in the last century—namely, the disguising of older but of little known airs. What Kelly did with much Italian music, Lover seems to have done with the music of his own country. Not a few of his tunes bear a strong family likeness to some which were known in Ireland before Lover had written a word or a bar of music. With Dr. George Petrie, the distinguished Irish musical antiquary and artist, he had wandered about Ireland, taking down airs from the people. "Many an Irish melody," says he in one of his letters, "Petrie and I have discovered at the fountain-head together, in our pleasant pictorial rambles through Ireland." In justice to Lover, however, it must be admitted that most of his best-known songs are wedded to his own music. From writing songs, it was a short step to the writing of musical pieces for the stage—especially for Madame Vestris. His first attempt of this kind was an entertainment called "Granuweal," which had only a slight success. In the winter of 1835 he wrote for Madame Vestris a Christmas panto-

mime called "The Olympian Picnic," which ran for some time. His next dramatic venture was "The Beau Ideal," produced in 1836, in which Liston had an excellent part. It also met with a good deal of favour. The extreme popularity of his song "Rory O'More," followed as it was in 1837 by the novel of the same name, which was considered rather too flattering to the Irish character by some of his friends, induced him to present the hero of song and novel in a new form, and he wrote for that best of Irish comedians, Tyrone Power, his drama of "Rory O'More," which was enthusiastically received at the Adelphi Theatre. It was one of the greatest dramatic successes of the time; its run of one hundred and eight nights being looked upon in those days as "prodigious." Lover was at this period one of the most bepraised of men by the critics. He had not yet written his stories of "Rory O'More" and "Handy Andy", yet he was the subject of warm commendations in both *Blackwood's* and *Fraser's* magazines, but he is not, as one of his biographers states, included by Maclise in that admirable Gallery of Celebrities which will probably outlive all that artist's ambitious paintings and cartoons, notable as some of these are. Rory O'More in song, story and play soon became to English people the most familiar of Irish types—only deposed from that position a little later by the author's still more famous "Handy Andy."

Meanwhile Lover proceeded to write more stage pieces. One, "The White Horse of the Peppers," written for the

Adelphi Theatre, was founded upon one of his own stories. Another, an extravaganza for the Haymarket, called "The Happy Man," was concerned with that legend which Sir Walter Scott before him and Col. John Hay since, have happily turned into verse, and which tells of the strange ailment of a certain Sultan, for whom, after his disorder had baffled a generation of doctors, was prescribed the shirt snatched warm from the skin of a perfectly happy man. Couriers are sent in all directions in pursuit of the happy man, who turns out to be a careless Paddy—but who happens to have no shirt at all! Equally clever and successful were Lover's "Il Paddy Whack in Italia" and "The Greek Boy," for both of which he wrote words and music. The first was written for Balfe at the Lyceum, the second for Madame Vestris at Covent Garden. "The Hall Porter," "MacCarthy More, or Possession Nine Points of the Law" and "The Sentinel of the Alma," complete the list of his dramatic efforts. In the last Thomas Hudson gave an admirable display of character, acting as an Irish soldier; while in "MacCarthy More," another excellent Irish comedian, the late John Drew, filled the leading part. Lover has no special rank as a dramatist, but his pieces, which have been nearly all printed, are full of gaiety and brightness, and for one feature of them at least, Irishmen should be grateful. For the first time, as Bayle Bernard truly remarks, he "presented the Irish peasant with a whole coat and a clean face." His Irish characters are not at

all like the buffoons who always before and often since have belied the Irish character by a representation of faults as distinctively Irish which are not common anywhere and least so in Ireland. It is possible that he inclines too much to the opposite extreme, and clothes his Irish characters rather too liberally in all the virtues, but in an Irishman that is an error on the right side, and one of which Irish writers are less guilty than those of other nations. Are we not well acquainted with Swift's pleasant allusion to the turnspit? It is rather strange that Lover should have neglected to put "Handy Andy" on the stage. An excellent Irish play might be written round such a type as the half-knave, half-fool who gives his nickname to Lover's most famous story. It is curious to note that Lover wrote the book as a sort of set-off to "Rory O'More," in which his friends told him Irish life was too favourably, too patriotically depicted. On the whole, "Handy Andy" does not give an unfair description of Irish life—but in any case, it was written as a professedly comic production, and cannot be regarded as a serious work on Ireland in the sense that Lover intended "Rory O'More" to be, and as it is. "Handy Andy" is not the less valuable possession because Lover nowhere claims to be doing more than amusing his English readers. His own countrymen can and do also find plenty of enjoyment in it.

"Handy Andy" was projected and partly written in 1837, but did not appear until 1842, when it came out

in parts after the fashion then in vogue. It met with a remarkable success, and placed Lover in the front rank of comic writers—along with Dickens. He was very popular before this, as may be judged by the story which is told of Lever asking Lover to recommend his first book, "Harry Lorrequer" to the publisher Colburn, who consented to publish it at once provided the first *e* in the author's name was changed to *o*.

In 1844, Lover's last novel, sometimes called "Treasure Trove" and sometimes "He would be a Gentleman," but published under the first title, was issued in monthly parts with etchings by himself, and was welcomed most warmly by those who had learned to admire his irresistible humour. But the book is Lover's least successful work, and genuine humour is almost entirely absent from its pages. As an historical novel, it has many shortcomings, but it is written with some *verve*, and is at least very readable. It was Lover's last work of fiction—he wrote and published much verse, and one or two short prose sketches after 1844, but gave up the effort to write novels. His eyesight had, previous to that date, begun to fail him. It grew worse and worse, weakened by the strain upon it caused by his etching work, and he saw that it would be necessary to abandon art, if not literature also. He therefore ceased his labours altogether for a brief period, and early in 1844 decided to follow the example of other writers and to give evening recitals of his own compositions. He was an admirable singer of his own

songs, and an inimitable *raconteur*, and had no fear of being unable to please the public in his new capacity. His first entertainment was given in the Princess's Theatre in March 1844, and was in every way a success.

After a successful season in London, he toured the provinces for the next two years, making a reasonably good income by his "Irish Evenings." Dublin especially accorded him a generous reception, a welcome which was not lost upon one of his ardent and responsive temperament. In 1846 Lover determined to carry his entertainment to America, where his name was well-known, the fame of "Handy Andy," to name but one of his stories, having already introduced him to its people. Accordingly he sailed from London in August, and made his first bow to an American audience in New York on September 28th, 1846. The result justified his most favourable hopes. His tour through the States became almost, to use the stock phrase, "a triumphal procession." He was warmly greeted in every city, and after spending more than two years in visiting all the leading towns of the States and Canada, he returned to England. During his absence, his wife, to whom he was deeply attached, had died, and her death was followed not long after his return by that of his eldest daughter, who had cheered his loneliness after her mother's death, and the marriage and departure for another country of his younger daughter, which occurred about this period made his home desolate. The effect upon him of these losses was such as to preclude

him from doing any literary work. He gave a second round of entertainments throughout the United Kingdom, but his pen was practically idle for a few years. In 1852 he was married again, to an excellent and accomplished lady, with whom the rest of his life was very happily spent. He occasionally returned to his artistic studies, but was placed beyond the necessity of painting as a means of livelihood by the receipt in 1856 of a Civil List pension "in recognition of his services to literature and art."

His literary activity seems to have been still further disturbed by this compliment, for he produced very little in the dozen years which intervened between it and his death. In 1858 he edited a collection of "Lyrics of Ireland," the title of which was subsequently judiciously changed to "Poems of Ireland," many of the pieces included being anything but lyrical. His clever and racy introduction and his excellent notes make this collection even at this date a volume worth possessing. The Burns Festival, held in Glasgow in the year just named, and to which Lover was invited as a poetical representative of Ireland, suggested to him a series of parodies of distinguished poets after the manner of "Rejected Addresses," and he wrote "Rival Rhymes in Honour of Burns," which, brought out under the pen-name of "Ben Trovato," met with, and deserved, only a small amount of popularity. 1859 also saw the inauguration of the Volunteer movement, with which Lover at once associated himself. Joining the London Irish regiment,

he was speedily proclaimed the laureate of the force, and wrote many rhymes in its honour. In the following year, a collected edition of his lyrics was published (his first volume of verse had appeared in 1839) and was quickly followed by "Metrical Tales and other Poems," which, like "Rival Rhymes," is not worthy of his powers. After 1860, his health began to fail, and he was obliged to reside in the Isle of Wight, where he remained till the end of 1866, when he was recommended by his doctors to seek a warmer climate. Acting on their advice, he settled at St. Heliers in Jersey, where the brief remainder of his life was passed. He died there, quietly and painlessly, on July 6th, 1868, leaving hosts of friends by whom his loss was deeply felt. His remains were brought to London, and were accompanied to their resting-place in Kensal Green by his comrades of the London Irish corps, who thoroughly knew and appreciated his kindly and simple nature. A monument has been raised over his grave, and a memorial tablet was also set up in St. Patrick's Cathedral in his native city, bearing an inscription of which the following is the first sentence: "In memory of Samuel Lover, Poet, Painter, Novelist and Composer, who, in the exercise of a genius as distinguished in its versatility as in its power, by his pen and pencil illustrated so happily the characteristics of the Peasantry of his country that his name will ever be honourably identified with Ireland."

In person, Lover was not so diminutive as his fellow-

countrymen, Moore the poet and Crofton Croker the folklorist and antiquarian, but he was a small man, with an intensely humorous and pleasant face, sparkling black eyes, and a delicious Dublin accent—than which, when really good, nothing can be more pleasant. There are several portraits of him extant, and an excellent bust by Edward Foley in the National Portrait Gallery. It is difficult to resist a liking for a man with so palpably honest and genial a face, and none who read his delightful writings but will admit their charm and accord him a place in their warmest esteem for having given them many hours of genuine enjoyment.

D. J. O'DONOGHUE.

ST. PATRICK AND THE SARPENT

ST. PATRICK AND THE SARPENT

A GUIDE'S STORY

ON a lovely day in summer, when the delightful Lakes of Killarney were putting forth all their attractions, a party of visitors had been enjoying them, now in sailing over their tranquil waters, now in gazing at their silvery waterfalls, now in listening to their pleasing echoes, when they were struck with the perturbed appearance of a well-known little lake, which presented such a contrast to the general calmness of the group.

"Oh, sure!" exclaimed the guide, "the wather's always disturbed in that way; b'iling over like a kettle a'most."

"And what's the reason?" they inquired.

"Faith, then, ladies and gentlemen, there's rayson enough and to spare: it's all owing to the sarpent!"

"The sarpent!" they exclaimed.

"The sarpent that St. Patrick rowled into the lake centuries ago, and beyant that, and that has been tryin' ever since to twist himself back to land again."

The whole party were of course in ignorance of any such bewildering event.

"Oh, it's the thruth that I am telling ye: the sarpent's in a box, you see, and he's tryin' to get out of it, and

it's his flappin' of the lid which kapes the wather in such a flutther."

Excitement was at its height, and their cicerone was requested to oblige them with the particulars.

"Well, then, you all know, ladies and gentlemen, that it was St. Patrick that druv the sarpents and venomous bastes out of Ireland—and made it what it is—the swat-est jewel of the world to live in. Well, there was one sarpent, I must tell you, that was too strong to be druv out, and beyant that, you must know, was a most un-raisnable baste besides—for he wouldn't listen to the hape of argyments St. Patrick was discoorsing to him when he towld him to get out o' that and be off to Botany Bay.

"Oh, *bathershin!*" says the sarpent, 'is it an absentee you want to make of me? I love the country too well to lave it—it's my native mud, and I'll have no other.'

"'Oh, very well, then,' says the saint; 'if them's the pathriotic sentiments that inspires your venomous breast, I must make a nice house for you to live in.'

And so the saint set to work, you see, and made a big iron chist, with as many locks and bars on it as they say they've got at Newgate, and then went to the cave where the sarpent lived in retirement, and began to whistle for him, and coax him out just to look at the house he had made for him. But the sarpent, you see, was cunning, like the first one of his breed—he'd got a notion that St. Patrick wouldn't be the asiest of landlords—so says he.

"I thank your riverence mightily for all the thruble you have been takin', but I'd rather stop where I am.'

"Oh, just come out now, and see the house—that won't hurt you,' says St. Patrick, 'and if you don't like it you can lave it.'

"Well, to make a long story short, the baste did come out at last; but he didn't like the look of the box at all, and began to find all sorts of faults with it.

'It's too small for me,' says he; 'axing your riverence's pardon, that's a house that wouldn't howld me.'

"'I'll lay a gallon of porther,' says St. Patrick, 'the house is big enough for two of ye.'

"Now, the sarpent was a dry baste—he wasn't a *wather*-snake at all,—and he was uncommon fond of porther, and he thought—the cunning villain—that he'd play the saint a trick, and chate him clane out of the liquor. So in he rowls himself into the box, and, just to show it wouldn't howld him, he swells himself out for all the world like an alderman who was swallerin' his third bottle at a Dublin dinner, and be token of that what does he do but, moreover, lave half of his long tail hanging out.

"'Look there now,' says the sarpent, 'you see I can't get in. You've lost the bet, your riverence.'

"But what does the saint do but suddenly clap down the lid of the box on him, when he whips in his tail for fear 'twould be cut off, and so got packed into the chist as tight as a hundredweight of butter.

"'There now,' says St. Patrick, 'I've won the bet, you see.'

“‘Then let me out,’ says the serpent, ‘and I’ll pay you like a gentleman.’

“‘Oh, I’m in no hurry,’ says St. Patrick. ‘You shall pay me when I ax you for it, and that won’t be for a day or two;’ and so he rowls the box down the hill, and then pitches it into the lake, where it has been lying iver since; and the villain, day and night, has been trying to get it open,—but as the lid, you see, is too heavy for him, he kapes it flappin’ without ceasin’, and that’s the rayson that the wather is always in such a flutter.”

IT'S MIGHTY IMPROVIN'

IT'S MIGHTY IMPROVIN'

THE Irish peasantry have tales of a parabolic character—stories which by means of some striking action or circumstance set forth a hearty moral. On hearing such, their usual phrase is, "Oh, it's mighty improvin'." And that too is what Molly Malone, a worthy washer-woman used to say—and say almost invariably—after hearing a sermon on Sunday. One day, however, her clergyman, who was not quite content with this generality, spoke to her respecting his discourse, and Molly suddenly became what they call in Ireland a little bothered. Nevertheless, she got out of her difficulty with one of those parabolic answers which are such favourites with her class, and which, whilst it completely evaded the question, satisfactorily replied to it.

Rev. Well, Molly, you liked the sermon, you say?

Mol. Oh yes, your riverence—'twas mighty improvin'.

Rev. And what part of it did you like best?

Mol. Well, sure, sir, I liked every part.

Rev. But I suppose there were some portions of it that you were more struck with than you were with others?

Mol. In throth, plase, your riverence, I don't remember any part exactly, but altogether 'twas mighty improvin'.

Rev. Now, Molly, how could it be improving if you don't remember any part of it?

Mol. Well, your riverence sees that linen I've been washing and dhrying on the hedge there?

Rev. Oh, certainly.

Mol. Wasn't it the soap and wather made the linen clane, sir?

Rev. Of course they did.

Mol. And isn't the linen all the better for it?

Rev. Oh, no doubt of that, Molly.

Mol. But not a dhrop of the soap and wather stays in it. Well, sir, it's the same thing wid me. Not a word o' the sarmint stays in me—I suppose it all *dhries* out o' me—but I'm the better and the claner for it, when it's over, for all that.

THE IRISH POST-BOY

THE IRISH POST-BOY

IN the Irish post-boy we are not presented with the white-jacketed, silk-hatted, top-booted, and bright-spurred gentleman we are accustomed to in England, as trim as his own horses, and as silent, till he touches his hat to get his fee for driving them. The Irish post-boy, on the contrary, is as scanty in his attire as he is abundant in his intelligence, having always something to tell his passenger of the localities they pass through, as though he took him for a book-maker who was taking notes upon the way. He fulfils a double function—he is guide as well as driver, and his humour often lies as much in what he does as in what he says. He will commence something in this fashion:—

“Do you see that house, yer honour, yonder? I suppose you know that’s Mr. d’Arcy’s.”

“Yes, I do. Mr. d’Arcy is very rich, I believe?”

“Well, sir, maybe he is and maybe he isn’t.”

“Why, I thought he was a man of fortune.”

“Well, you see, he was purty well off, sir, till he got howld of the property.”

“Till he got it! What do you mean?”

“Why, sir, when he was *heir* to the property he had

great expectations, and so on the strength of that, you see, he got whatever money he wanted."

"Well, and so he ought, when he was heir to £ 5,000 a year."

"That's true, yer honour, that's true, sir! But then, you'll understand, he was heir to £ 5,000 a year that was spint."

"Oh, I see!"

"So when he got the property, of coorse the gintleman was ruined."

"Hillo! take care—you were nearly in the ditch there."

"Never fear, sir; it's that blackguard mare that is always shyin'! Hurrup!"

"How close her ears are cut."

"Yis, they are, sir—oh, they're close enough; but nothing will cure the villain."

"Cure her! How do you mean?"

"Why, sir, I persaved that whenever she started she always cocked her ears up, so I cut them off, you see, to make her lave off the trick of startin'; but, bad luck to the vagabone! she's just as bad as ever."

In a particularly dangerous part of the road, with a precipice on the one side of you, you observe the post-boy keeps casting an inquiring glance towards his vehicle.

"What's the matter?" you inquire; "rather an awkward bit of road here."

"Oh, it's nothin', sir; it's a grand prospect."

"Yes—of going over. Why, it is some hundred feet to the bottom."

"Well, it may be—but look at the prospect, sir; them mountains—oh, they're grand, sir; they beat the world for dignity. You'd never see their likes again, if you was to go over twenty precipusses."

After many other tales and difficulties you reach your journey's end, and then the post-boy, as you have surmised, expects a good gratuity. You give him what you consider to be a handsome reward of his services, but still he is not contented.

"Sure your honour," he exclaims, "wouldn't mind another shillin'?"

"No," you reply, "I think I've paid you liberally."

"But you'll consider the way I drove you, sir?"

"Not a pleasant one, by any means."

"And the power of stories I told you?"

"Some of which I have heard before."

"Well, then, give me another shillin', sir, and I'll tell you somethin' which I will undertake to say you never heard before."

"Very good; there's a shilling. Now, what's the story I have never heard?"

"Well, then, of coorse your honour remembers the three miles we came along, with the cliff upon one side of us?"

"Remember it?—I shall never forget it!"

"Well, then, you don't know, sir, that I drove you them three miles *without* a linch-pin!"

3

DUBLIN PORTERS, CARMEN AND WAITERS

2

DUBLIN PORTERS, CARMEN AND WAITERS

ALL these have characteristics which are worthy of a moment's noting. We land at Kingstown as Her Majesty's mail-packet is made fast and is pouring forth her varied crowd of passengers on the jetty. Instantly we have a swarm of porters round us, some with tickets on their arms, and some without—the former, the legitimate assistant of the traveller; the latter, the poacher, who lays hands on any stray bird he can catch. Between these contending parties, of course, an active war goes on—the one, grand in their authority; the other, adroit in their devices. An example strikes us instantly. A man without “a number” is walking off with a passenger's luggage.

“Stop!” cries out a ticket man; “you have no business with that jintleman.”

“No business!” exclaims the forager. “Well, then, sure it's a pleasure I have in sarving him.”

“Stop, I say!” shouts his antagonist; “you know you've got no number.”

“No number, do you say?—but I have, tho'. Sure my number is nine, barrin' a *tail* to it.”

Next you are laid hold of by a crowd of carmen.

“Here's the car, your honour—that's the beauty.”

“Don't belave him,” cries his rival; “he'll break down,

sir. Look at his springs! ain't they tied up with a piece of rope?"

"Well," replies the first one, "we'll go the faster for all that—won't we have the spring ti(e)de with us?"

The traveller is laid bold of by both arms and pulled about in all directions, while half of his luggage is on one car and half is jerked on the other, he doubting which he will be permitted to go upon himself, when the conflict suddenly subsides into a mysterious consultation.

"Done!" says the other, and they plunge their hands into their pockets.

"What are you about?" shouts the bewildered passenger.

"We're just goin' to toss for you, sir;" and they literally cry, "Heads or tails?" for who shall have the honour of his honour's company. The man of the broken springs loses; but with infinite good-humour he transfers the luggage to the car of the winner, helps the traveller to his seat,—when, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, he says:

"You lost me, sir (he never says, "*I have lost you*"). "I'm sorry you lost me, for you won't be able to ate your breakfast when you get to your howtell."

"Why not?" demands the traveller.

"You'll get such a jolting with them strong springs, sir, they'll shake every tooth out of your head."

Other instances are related of the humour and shrewdness of these gentry. A stranger on one occasion asked a car-

driver to set him down at a certain address in Dublin, which was only round an adjacent corner, and when Pat had brought him to the spot the gentleman complained of it as an imposition.

"You might have pointed out the place to me."

"Pointed it out!" exclaimed Pat. "Is it a finger-post you'd make of me? Sure, then, you might have paid me for my pointing, and left me where you found me."

To return, however, to our traveller. He is driven to an hotel, and, despite the prediction of the rival car-driver, he retains his powers of mastication, and readily calls for breakfast. Here another national characteristic comes out in the person of the waiter. He does not move about like other waiters, formal and smooth as his own napkin, absorbed in the point of what you'll take next, and only muttering the "Yes, sir," or "No, sir," of a London place of entertainment. He gives you politics with the hot water, and flattery with the buttered rolls.

"You look wonderful well, sir, after the say-sickness. Some gentlemen looks as yellow as lemons, and maybe twice as sour. Do you like green or black tay, sir? They say the tays will rise, sir, since the French went to war with Moroca. Great meeting to-day in Dublin, sir. I suppose you are going to attind it; perhaps you mane to spake, sir."

"No, indeed I don't."

"Oh, I'm sorry for that—you've such a spaking face, sir."

"Have you any soda-water?"

"We have, sir."

"Is it good?"

"'Pon my honour, I don't know, sir—I never dhrink it myself."

The wonderful composure of some of these persons, though sometimes very irritating, is certainly very laughable. I once learnt what was the judicious rule of a Galway waiter for taking liberties. I had left my notebook on my breakfast table while I went for some letters that were in my bedroom, and on my return I saw this personage quietly inspecting my private records. On my reproving with some emphasis the impertinence he had been guilty of, he answered with the greatest calmness—"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I did not think you were in the room, or I wouldn't have thought of doing it."

Their excuses for table deficiencies are at times diverting enough.

"Bring me a hot plate, waiter!—the beef is good, but the plates are cold."

"The hot plates is not come in yet, sir."

"Well, get them in, sir."

"I mane, sir, they are not in saison; hot plates come in in October and goes out in May."

On another occasion a man asks for currant-jelly to his haunch of mutton.

"Beg your pardon, sir, the jelly is gone; but I can get you some beautiful lobster sauce."

THE IRISH BRIGADE

THE IRISH BRIGADE

DURING the course of almost a century the brigade was enrolled in the French army, and had an honourable share in all the latter's brightest achievements in Flanders, Spain, and Italy. Many instances of its staunch fidelity and its daring, decisive courage might be quoted from the military records of those days; but one especially may be selected, which, in its singular combination of the heroic and the grotesque, must be regarded as very national.

Cremona, besieged by Prince Eugène, and defended by the French, was surprised one morning before dawn, and would inevitably have been lost but for the promptitude of the Irish. Whilst the punctilious and ornate Frenchmen were deliberately buttoning up their regimentals, the former, at the sound of their trumpets, jumped out of bed, and, simply staying to buckle on their cross-belts and cartouch-boxes, seized their guns and hurried to the Square, where, on forming in fighting order, their commander's words, "Halt—dress!" were, at least in one respect, superfluous. Their indifference to appearance on this occasion was all the greater that the period was mid-winter, and the city was near the Alps. In this condition they were charged by the Austrian cuirassiers. It was steel-coats against night-shirts; but the linen trade of Ireland proved the

more formidable of the two. The Austrians were driven back, and the French had time to form and recover possession of the town. For this brilliant service the Brigade was honoured with the emphatic thanks of Louis XIV., and also had their pay increased.

But these fearless fellows, as may be supposed, carried abroad to their new service not only their courage and fidelity, but all their exuberance as Irishmen. The rollicking spirit and love of fun were quite as great as their love of fighting, and at times were so opposed to propriety and discipline that the martinets of the French ranks had to make formal complaints on the matter. It was on one such occasion that a great compliment was paid them by the brave Duke of Berwick, who, however, had good reason to love them for their devotion to his father.

"Marshal," said the king to him, "this Irish Brigade gives me more trouble than all my army put together."

"Please, your Majesty," replied the Duke, "your enemies make just the same complaint of them."

Of the anecdotes and jokes told of the Brigade during their extended foreign service—proofs of a humour and light-heartedness which even exile could not subdue—the number is indeed legion. Gallic vanity forced them often into the attitude of censors, and several of their repartees are excellent, and as full of sense as they were of pleasantry. Among the mass of these is one that has often been referred to other sources,—when a Frenchman, claim-

ing for his country the invention of all the elegancies, named among other things a ruffle, and Pat answered, "We improved on it—we put a shirt to it."

In the same spirit, but less known, was his retort upon a shopkeeper in some petty town where he was quartered. The place had rather a pretentious gate, and the grocer, dilating on its grandeur, and asking what the Irish would say if they possessed it—"Faith, they'd say," was his reply, "we'll kape the big gate shut, or the dirty little town will be after running out of it."

The sarcasm, however, was deeper and more essentially Hibernian when, on his going somewhere to dine, after hearing great praises of French cookery, he saw a pot of soup brought in with a bit of meat floating on the top of it—upon which he pulled off his coat, and being asked why he did so, said, "Sure I am going to have a swim for that little bit of mate there."

Among the adventures recorded of the Brigade, one of the most amusing was an occurrence in the time of the Regent Orleans, in honour of whose birthday a grand masquerade was given in Paris. It was a high-class affair, tickets were a double *louis d'or* each—all the rank and beauty of Paris were assembled round the Regent, and a costly and luxurious supper crowned the attractions of the night. Whilst the entertainment was proceeding, one of the Prince's suite approached and whispered to him:

"It is worth your Royal Highness's while to step into the supper-rooms; there is a yellow domino there who

is the most extraordinary cormorant ever witnessed;—he is a prodigy, your Highness—he never stops eating or drinking, and the attendants say, moreover, that he has not done so for some hours.”

His Royal Highness went accordingly—and sure enough there was the yellow domino, laying about him as described, and swallowing everything as ravenously as if he had only just begun. Raised pies fell before him like garden palings before a field-piece—pheasants and quails seemed to fly down his throat in a little covey—the wine he drank threatened a scarcity, whatever might be the next vintage.

After watching him for some time the Duke acknowledged he was a wonder, and laughingly left the room; but shortly afterwards, in passing through another, he saw the yellow domino again, and as actively at work as ever,—devastating the dishes everywhere, and emptying the champagne bottles as rapidly as they were brought to him. Perfectly amazed, the Duke at last could not restrain his curiosity.

“Who,” he asked, “is that insatiate ogre that threatens such annihilation to all the labours of our cooks?”

Accordingly, one of the suite was despatched to him.

“His Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans desires the yellow domino to unmask.”

But the domino begged to be excused, pleading the privilege of masquerade.

“There is a higher law,” replied the officer—“the royal order must be obeyed.”

"Well, then," answered the *incognito*, "if it must;" and unmasking, exhibited the ruddy visage of an Irish trooper.

"Why, in the name of Polyphemus!" exclaimed the Regent as he advanced to him, "who and what are you? I have seen you eat and drink enough for a dozen men at least, and yet you seem as empty as ever."

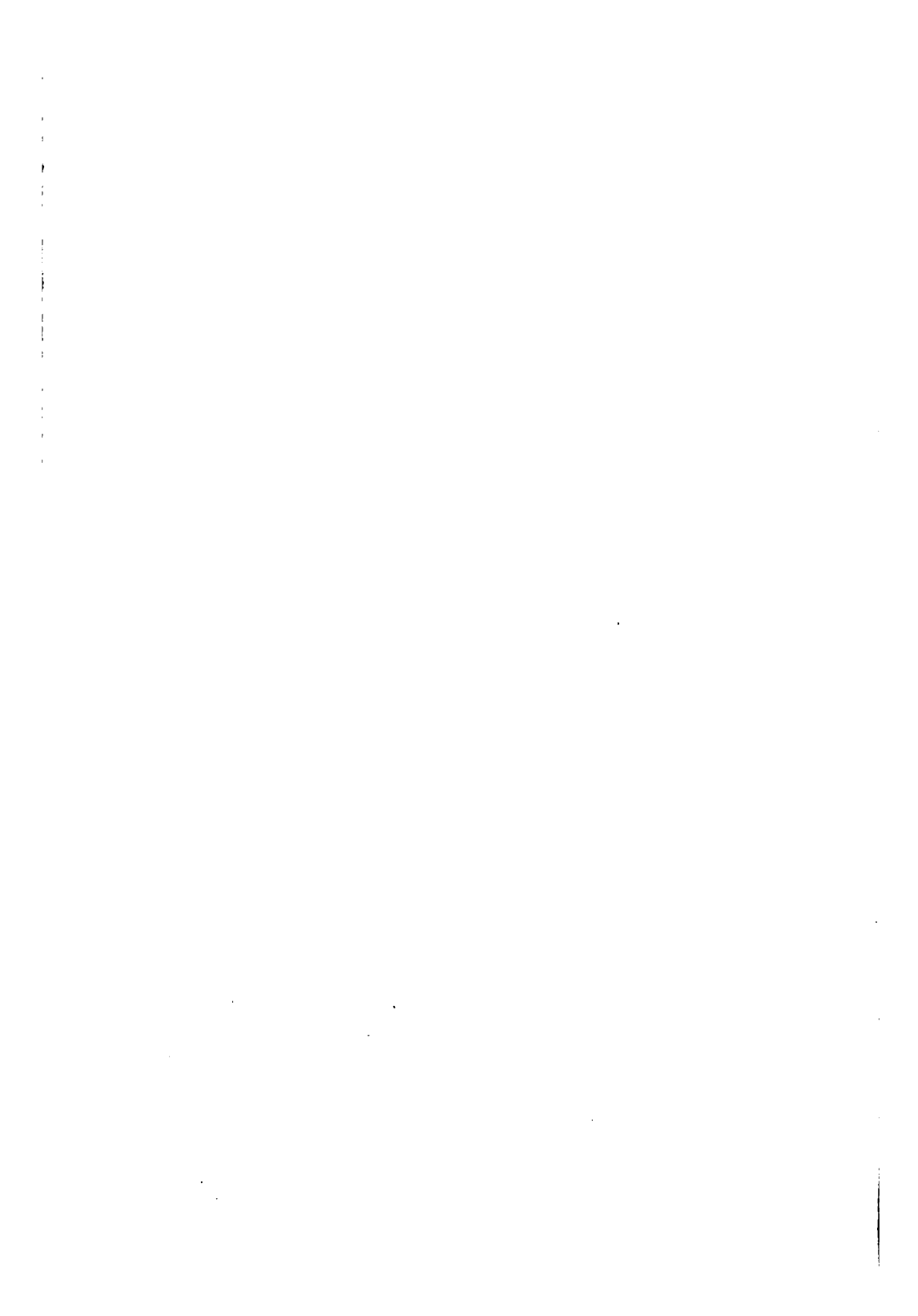
"Well, then," said the trooper, "since the saycret must come out, plase, your Royal Highness, I am one of Clares' Horse¹—that's the guard of honour to-night—and when our men was ordered out we clubbed our money to buy a ticket, and agreed to take our turn at the supper-table, turn and turn about."

"What!" exclaimed the Duke, "the whole troop coming to supper?"

"Oh, it's asy, plase, your Highness; sure one domino would do for all of us—if aich tuk it in turn. I'm only the eighteenth man, and there's twelve more of us to come."

The loud laughter of the jovial Duke, probably the heartiest he had had for a long time, was the response to this explanation, followed by a *louis d'or* to the dragoon and a promise to keep his "saycret" till the entire troop had supped.

PADDY AT SEA



PADDY AT SEA

It has been the fashion to consider the Irishman rather as a soldier than a sailor, and yet the sea seems to offer something congenial to the Hibernian spirit. Its dark depths—its flashes of light—its terrible energy—its sportive spray—its striking alternations of frowning storm and smiling calm—reflect the Irishman so vividly, that one would think it his peculiar element.

Many, however, have denied this, and have even gone so far as to say that the Irish make bad sailors, though one of England's greatest admirals, Nelson's co-mate, the noble Collingwood, bears direct testimony to the contrary. In one of his letters to an officer who superintended the manning of his ships he says—"Do not send me any lubbers; but, if you can, get me some more of those Irish lads you sent me—they were all fine fellows, and are now top-men, every one of them."

The Irish have a right by national descent to be good sailors.¹ The Phœnicians, I need not say, were the great seamen of antiquity, and that the Irish may claim them as progenitors is a fact that has been long established. The Irish buildings, arms, and language are all among its clearest evidences.

Pat's fitness for the sea might further be illustrated by

the well-known skill and courage of the numerous fishermen and pilots who toil around his rocky shores, and pursue their avocations in the most tempestuous and dangerous weather. I am tempted, however, at this moment, rather to fall in with the popular notion, and recount the experience of an honest Irishman, whose sympathies, as will be seen, lay more with the land than with the water, and whose extreme innocence of the latter, resembled that of a peasant who was observed crossing a ferry constantly, without any apparent object, and on being asked the reason, said he was shortly going to emigrate, and so took the ferry every morning "just to practise the say-sickness."

Jimmy Hoy was a County Cork boy, who made one in the great exodus that was occasioned by the famine. Jimmy was not ashamed of his name—he boasted that it was "always ould and respectable;" that there "was cows in the family wanst;" and that "a pig was niver a stranger to them, nor a rasher of bacon at Aisther." Misfortune, however, had ground them down, as it had done a thousand others, to indigence, leaving at last only Jimmy and his old mother in existence; and when he found that existence was daily a harder thing to support, he turned his face to the West, and induced his mother, whom he loved with true Irish warmth, to accompany him. Accordingly, selling off all they possessed, and making the best of their way to Cork, where a fleet of emigrant ships was loading, it so happened that in the

hurry and excitement of the time, and amidst the crowd of people they encountered, they unluckily got separated, and went on board of different vessels—an error that Jimmy only discovered when his own had hoisted anchor and was standing out to sea. From this point it will be best to allow our friend to speak for himself.

“So I scrambled, you see, on board, and the minit my fut was under me—‘Is my mother here?’ says I. With that a scowlin’ fellow that was haulin’ in a rope that samed to have no end to it, turns to me and tells me I might go to—well, I won’t say where. ‘Not before you, sir,’ says I; ‘after you is manners,’ making him a bow; and so I cries out and again, ‘Plase, is my mother here aboard of ye?’ and then as no one chose to answer me I ran about to look for her, on all the flures they call the decks, though the people stood as thick as a drove of cattle in an alley, and scrouging³ and roaring like that same, and I’d to squaze myself betwixt ’em from one flure to another; but not a squint of her could I ketch, sir, nor of any one as know’d her,—and so at last, when I kem back again, and was tearin’ round the upper flure, plump I runs into the stomach of a grand burly man at the back, with a red face and a big nose, and a gowld band about his cap—and who should he be but the capt’n.

“‘Who the d—l are you?’ says he, pumping up all the breath I had left him.

“‘I axes your honour’s pardon,’ says I; ‘my name is Jimmy Hoy, and I was looking for my mother.’

“‘And did you take me for your mother, you *omad-haun*?’ says he.

“‘Oh, not a bit,’ says I, ‘sir; for if I had, you’d have found it out—you’d have got a hug that would have set you screaming. And so now, perhaps, you’ll tell me, sir, if my mother is aboard of ye?’

“‘How should I know?’ he roars out, for now his breath was coming back, and he was lookin’ mighty fierce. ‘And what brings you here at all, you lubberly son of a sea-calf?’

“‘Sure, sir,’ says I, ‘I—I’m going to Ameriky; and as to my father, you’re mistaken—he was no say baste at all, but Dennis Hoy, a County Cork man, and—’

“‘I don’t remember you,’ says he; ‘you hav’n’t paid your passage.’

“‘Axing your pardon,’ says I; ‘but I have, tho’. I paid it an hour ago, on shore, sir.’

“‘But you didn’t pay it to me,’ says he.

“‘Why, of coorse not,’ says I, ‘sir. You wouldn’t have me pay it twice, would you?’

“‘Well, if you hav’n’t paid it to me,’ says he, ‘you hav’n’t paid it at all; so hand out your money, if you’re going to make the voyage in this ship.’

“‘By my faith, sir,’ I said, ‘I can’t,—and, saving your presence, if I could I wouldn’t, seein’ I’ve done that same already. But, sure, I don’t want to be intruding; if I’ve got into the wrong ship you’ve only got to stop her till you put me aboard of the right one.’

“‘Well, that’s a capital joke’, says he.

“‘Oh, it’s not joking that I am,’ says I, ‘for I’m only axin’ you what’s fair, sir—for then, you see, I’d find my mother, and my mind would be at aise.’

“‘You and your mother may go to Chiny,’ the capt’n bellows out—growing as red as any turkey-cock, and stamping his fut upon the flure till you’d have thought he’d drive it through it.

“‘Axin’ your pardon again,’ says I, ‘sir, we’re goin’ to Ameriky—and as for Chiny, all I know about it is what I’ve seen upon a plate, and——’

“‘Howld your jaw,’ says he, ‘you vagabone, and pay your passige money at wanst.’

“‘I paid it wanst,’ says I, ‘sir, and I’d want a pocket as big as your ship to go on paying it for iver.’

“‘You swindlin’ Irish scamp!’ says he, ‘don’t provoke me, or I will be the death of you;’ and then all of a sudden he got quiet—oh, so terrible quiet, sir, and with such a hard look about his eyes that, to say the truth, he frekened me. ‘See now, my buck,’ says he,—‘since you can’t pay your passige, you shall work your passige.’

“‘Work it, sir?’ says I. ‘Oh, I would, and willin’,—if I only knowed the way.’

“‘Oh,’ says he, with a wicked wink at me, ‘we’ll soon tache you that; we’ve a turn here for instructhin’ people that want to get their voyage for nothin’.’ And with that he put his hand to the side of his mouth and give a whistle that would split a flag, and up runs to him a

hairy villin that was enough to scare a herd of oxen if he'd come upon 'em onawares.

“‘Tare-all,’ says he, ‘just take this chap in hand and tache him how to work his passige. Don’t spare him—do you hear now?’

“‘Aye, aye, sir,’ growled out Tare-all, giving me a nod, and howlding up his finger as much as to say—‘You’ll come this way.’

“And so after him I wint, sir; and sad enough, as you may suppose—not thinking of myself, but what had become of my poor owld mother. After him I wint, to learn how I was to work my passige over—and by my throth, sir, it was the hardest thing I’d ever had to larn as yet. Were you ever aboard a ship, sir?—Oh, then sure it must have bothered you to hear the puzzlin’ names they’ve got there. Don’t they always make a woman of her? A ship’s a ‘she,’ sir, you will remimber—and don’t they talk about her *waist* to you, and, by my faith, it’s not a small one—and tell you sometimes ‘she’s in stays,’ too, tho’ I can’t say I ever seen ’em. Though, to be sure, they say besides that she’s often mighty hard to manage—and that’s like a woman sartainly.

“Then see the names they give to a rope, sir. First it is a hawser; then it’s a painter—though what it paints I never knowed, sir; then it’s a rattlin,—but that it’s always doin’; and then it’s the shrouds,—which manes, I suppose, that the poor passengers always get into them when the ship is going to the bottom. At the same

time they're always agraable to tache you what it's made of—they'll give you a taste of a rope's end a good deal sooner than a glass of whisky. And what is it like? perhaps you'll ask. Work your passige out to Ameriky and you'll learn it fast enough. Then they're so ignorant they don't know their right hand from their left. It's all starboord or larboord with them, though, by my throth, as every night I'd got to slape upon the flure, I found it mighty hard boord.

"The sailors, you see, are snug enough. They've got what they call their hammicks—little beds tied up to hooks that they swing about in at their aise; and it was after I'd been looking at them for a night or two in the deepest admiration, that I says to myself, says I, 'Why shouldn't I be making a little hammick for myself, to take a swing in like the rest, and not be lying here on the bare boords like a dumb baste in an outhouse?' And so the next day, looking round me, what should I see but a hape of canvas that no one seemed to care about; so I cut out of it a yard or two just to make the bed I wanted, and that done, says I, 'Jimmy Hoy, you'll slape to-night as snug as a cat in a blanket, anyhow,'—but I didn't for all that.

"I hadn't turned in half an hour when one of the crew crapes up to me—Bob Hobbs, sir, was his name,—and says he to me, 'Jimmy Hoy,' says he, 'it's mortal tired I am with my day's work, and the night before: not a wink of slape I've had,' says he, 'for this blessed

eight-and-forty hours, so be a good fellow, Jimmy, now, and take my dooty for to-night.' Well, not liking to be ill-natured, though I didn't care much for the fellow, I tould him that I would, and so I slips out of my new bed, and mighty quick, sir, he slips into it, and up I goes on deck to take his place on the look-out.

"And thin ther kem on such a night, sir,—oh, murther! you'd have thought the divil himself was out at say, and was taking his divarshun—blowing, hailin', and rainin' for six mortial hours and more—and pitchin' the oushen up into the sky as if he was makin' haycocks. I thought the poor ship would have gone crazy. She jumped and rowled about as if her thratement was past endoorin'. Sure, if I had bargained for a bad night I couldn't have got a betther. Well, sir, the mornin' kem at last, and found me as well pickled as any herrin' in Cork harbour, and I was crawlin' off to my hammick, just to get a little slape and dry myself, when up comes the capt'n in a tearin' rage, and says he—

"'You're a pretty blackguard, ain't you now?'

"'Not to my knowledge, sir,' says I.

"'Your knowledge, indeed, you vagabone!'

"'Why, what is it I done?' says I.

"'Done?' says he, 'you villin—when you're upsettin' the ship's discipline. You took Bob Hobbs's watch last night.'

"'Tuk what?' says I. 'His watch, sir. Oh, murther, capt'n!' says I, 'would you rob a poor boy of his charakther?'

“‘I say you did, you rascal,’ says he.

“‘But I didn’t, sir,’ says I. ‘I never took Bob Hobbs’s watch, nor the watch of any other man—or woman ayther. I would scorn the dirty action—for I was rared in honest principles, and ’twas considered in my schoolin’. More be token, sir, I couldn’t, for Bob Hobbs tould me himself that he had pawned his watch in Cork before he ever kem aboard.’

“‘You stupid rascal!’ he cried out, ‘don’t you know the manin’ of what I say to you? but I’ll make you understand me presently—if you’ve got no brains you’ve got a back.’

“And what do you think he meant by that, sir? The ould tiger was goin’ to flog me—but, luckily for me, you see, the storm was gettin’ worse. One of the sails was split in halves, and another was torn away entirely; so the capt’n, divil thank him! had to think about the ship, and not to be indulgin’ his dirty vingeance upon me. So he roars out mighty loud, ‘Set the storm jib there!’ and half the crew run up the riggin’ as quick as a crowd of monkeys, when—whisteroo!—would you belave it, sir! by the book in my pocket, if that same jib wasn’t the very piece of canvas that I cut the two yards out of, jist to make myself a bed,—and the minit the capt’n spied it he roars out agin like thunder, ‘Who the d—l cut that out?’

“‘’Twas I, sir,’ says I, ‘but I only tuk two yards of it.’

“‘Give him a dozen,’ says the capt’n.

“‘Thank you, sir,’ says I, ‘but the two is quite enough for me.’

“And what do you think the villin meant by givin’ me a dozen?—it was lashes that he meant, sir. Not contint with the rope’s end I’d had already—though there was no end to it at all—he towld the hands to lay howld on me, and tie me to the mast,—but before the miscreant could plaze himself there kem a thunderin’ crack right overhead, and down kem hapes of sticks and canvas—and the capt’n bellows out agin, ‘Clare the wrack! clare the wrack!—we’ll sarve this lubber out directly.’

“Well, I was willin’ to wait, sir—and sure they’d enough to do. I thought at first it was all over with us, and the ship would be capsizin’—and they had scarcely got her to rights a bit, and my mind was getting aisy, when I h’ard a voice callin’ in the distance, ‘Jip a Hoy! Jim a Hoy!’ and I was lost in wonder entirely—‘for who knows me,’ says I, ‘or cares for me, in the middle of the great Atlantic oushen? Is it guardian angels that’s taking pity on me, and coming here to save me from a lashing?’ So I tried hard to loose myself, and looking round what did I see but a ship sailing towards us, and the voice that know’d me kem’d from that, and I h’ard it cry again—‘Jip a Hoy! Jim a Hoy!’ ‘Here I am,’ says I; ‘here’s the man you’re wantin’.’

“‘Howld your jaw!’ says the capt’n.

“‘Why, isn’t it me they’re spakin’ to?’ says I, ‘and

isn't it civil in me to answer 'em? Is my mother got aboard of ye?'

"'Bad luck to you and your mother! will you be quiet?' says the capt'n.

"'No, I won't,' says I. 'Why wouldn't I answer when I'm spoke to?' And with that the voice kem again—'Jip a Hoy! Jim a Hoy!' 'Here I am,' says I agin—'any news, plaze, of my mother?'

"And with that the capt'n took a spakin' trumpet just to put me down, sir—to kape me from bein' h'ard; oh, I could see that plain enough—so I roared out louder than ever, 'Here's the man you're wantin';' but the trumpet gave him the advantage of me. I couldn't make out what he said at first, it was such a bellowing he kep up; but at last I h'ard him roar, 'Carried away fore-yard.'

"'Don't be tellin' lies of me,' says I; 'it's only two yards that I tuk. Just now you said I tuk a watch, and now it's four yards I've been staling. Oh, capt'n, but it's cruel of you to ruin my charakter as you're doing, and in hearin' of the ship too—and my mother perhaps aboard of her.'

"And then the voice kem from the ship agin—'Where are ye bound to?'

"'I am bound to the mast,' says I, 'and the capt'n is going to murther me.'

"'Will you howld your tongue, you rascal?' says the capt'n, looking pistols at me. 'No, I won't,' says I;

‘I’ll expose you to the whole world for the shameful way you’re thrating me.’

“Well, we soon lost sight of the ship; but the storm was as bad as iver, and only one good kem of it—they were too busy with the danger to be amusin’ themselves with me. So I got myself loose at last,—and then seeing what a way they were in, I hadn’t the heart to desart them, notwithstanding my bad usage. ‘No,’ says I, ‘I’ll be gineros, and stand by them like a man.’ So I goes up to the capt’n, and overlookin’ all he’d done, says I to him, quite kindly, ‘Capt’n, is there anything I can do for you?’

“‘Kape out of my way, you vagabone, or I shall be tempted to do for you!’ says he. And with that he made a kick at me as bad as a horse stung in a sand-pit; but I made allowance for the throuble he was in, and didn’t mind his timper.

“All this time I h’ard the sailors saying something about the anchor, and at last the capt’n was struck with a notion, and shouts out to them about me, ‘Where’s the best bower?’

“‘Here he is, sir,’ says I, running up to him again, and making a low bow at the same time. ‘I’m the best bower on board, sir, for my mother, when I was at school, paid tuppence a week extra to have me taught manners.’

“‘I wish your neck was broke,’ said he, ‘you vagabone!’ making another terrible kick at me in return for all my

kindness to him; and then up kem the bos'n, and the capt'n says to him, says he, 'Have you let go now?'

"'Aye, aye, sir,' answers Hairy-face,—and I may just make the remark that's all he ever did answer, the whole way acrost the oshen.

"'Then, I think,' says the capt'n, 'we may depind on the best bower.'

"'Oh! you may do that,' says I, 'sir; you may depind on me with sartainty.'

"'Take that fellow out of my sight,' said he, 'if you don't want me to murder him;' so at that I walks away with Hairy-face to the other end of the ship, where I hear the sailors saying 'the anchor was coming home,' and that the capt'n ought to know it.

"'He ought, you say,' says I; 'then of coorse I'll go and tell, if it's only to show him I bear no malice, and I'm still willin' to be useful.' Upon which I runs back to him, and says I, 'Capt'n, the anchor's coming home.'

"'Thunder and ouns!' says he.

"'Don't be angry, capt'n,' says I,—'small blame to it for comin' home on such a night as this. Who'd stay out, sir, that could help it?'

"'Upon which Hairy-face runs up, and the capt'n then cries out to him, 'Is this thrue I hear—is the anchor coming home?'

"'Aye, aye, sir,' growls out Hairy-face.

"'Then we must cut and run,' says he; 'but we must try and save the anchor, so throw over the buoy.'

"Well, now, I must just stop to tell you that of all the mischievous little blackguards that ever deserved drowning, the cabin-boy was him, sir. And so, still wishing to be useful, notwithstandin' all their bad thratement of me, I ran off to ketch the villin; but the little vagabone was so nimble I couldn't at all lay howld of him; howsomever, under the sarcumstances, I did the best I could, and then I ran back to the capt'n.

"'Is the buoy overboard?' says he.

"'Faith, then, I am sorry to say,' says I, 'capt'n, the boy's not overboard, for the young d—l run so fast I couldn't clap a hand on him, but the next best thing to be done I did. I threw over the black cook—and that will lighten the ship beautifully.'

"'Threw overboard the cook, you murderin' villin!' roared the capt'n. 'You've saved me the job of doing it; you'll be hanged, thank heaven, at last.'

"But hanged I wasn't, I beg to say, for, in the confusion of the night it was a big tar barrel I threw overboard instid of the black cook, that same being much of his own size and colour.

"Well, to make a long story short, sir, in spite of the storm and all our danger, we got to Ameriky at last, when the capt'n felt so happy that he gave up his anymosity and the vingeance he vowed ag'inst me, and only laughed at the mistakes I'd made in turnin' my hand to the say sarvice. And, what's more, when we reached New York, sir, who should I find but my ould

mother, that had got in a week before me in the ship I ought to have come in, and that had had no storm at all—but mine's the bad luck of the Hoys, sir. And so, when I was on dhry land agin, I took a solemn oath, sir, that I'd niver work my passage any more across the Atlantic; and, by my sowl, if you're a wise man I think you'll do the same."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATIONAL PROVERBS

No. I

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No. I

THE COUPLE-BEGGAR

It has often struck me that the old sayings of our forefathers would furnish matter not only of amusement, but of utility, were we to apply our minds to the consideration of them, with that laudable object. How frequently a proverb is used merely in the flippancy which habit has engendered, without a thought being given to the meaning it so pungently conveys. The frequency of its usage blunts its point—we disregard what has become so common, in the true spirit of the saying, that “too much familiarity breeds contempt.” But why should we despise proverbs? Should we not rather consider them as legacies bequeathed to us by our ancestors, from their hoarded experience, and if properly applied, perhaps more valuable than legacies of gold? No one would despise the golden legacy, because that would belong to him in particular, but as the world in general are heirs in common to the mental treasure, we attach little value to what is so largely divided—this feeling, perhaps, might be traced to a selfish motive, if the argument were pursued, but as I wish to amuse and instruct, and not to

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sermonize, I shall not loiter into a metaphysical discussion on the occasion, but proceed in the direct course of my observations.

Old sayings, I have called the legacies bequeathed to us by our ancestors, from their hoarded experience. Might we not also consider them as treasures buried under the ruins of antiquity? How many days and nights of toil have infatuated labourers given to digging in some old castle or ancient *rath*, for a "crock o' gold," when their time might have been better spent in obtaining the golden advice often to be found in some of these old sayings we have likened to such treasures.

It is with such a feeling that I take up my literary pick-axe. I have said, that from their being often heard, and being common property proverbs have fallen into disregard, and are oftener used to "adorn a tale" than to "point a moral;" therefore it is my intention to place in palpable shape before the public the pith of some good old sayings.

Peter Molloy was not more than one-and-twenty, when, from good conduct, he had acquired a considerable degree of his master's confidence. From the age of fifteen he had been in the same situation, which enabled him to support his mother, who had been left a widow, with three infant children, whose existence depended entirely on her own solitary exertions. She had performed the duties of a mother well, and reared her offspring in principles of honesty and sobriety, and they, as they grew

up, repaid her in affection and industry that contributed largely to her comfort. But it was the will of heaven that she should lose two of her children by death, and the hand of sickness fell heavily on her soon after, and she became so broken from grief and disease, that at last she was quite dependent on Peter for support. This he gave his mother with a willingness that did him honour. But Peter's head was not quite so good as his heart, and he shared largely in the thoughtlessness that, unfortunately, but too often distinguishes his countrymen. My story commences just at the period up to which Peter had given perfect satisfaction to his master, and well would it have been for Peter, if he had not been minding the pretty face of a servant girl that stood one morning at a door in the city, receiving bread from a baker, instead of attending to his business.—She saw the passing admiration she excited, and took care to let Peter perceive it was not disagreeable. From so slight a beginning as this, an intimacy was established between them, and frequent meetings were contrived, in which the pleasure of Peter and Biddy (for such was the girl's name) was more consulted than the interests of his master or her mistress. Peter became less attentive to his duties; his master complained and he made excuses—but secretly thought “it was mighty hard, so it was, that he couldn't have a little bit o' divarshin without a dark look and a hard word from the masther—sure he was seldom neglecting his business.”

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One night, at the iron palisades of a house in York-street, a voice was heard calling in a half-mumbling, half-supplicating tone.

"Ah! Mrs. Cook, dear, give a bit o' something to the poor woman—God bless you, Mrs. Cook, and extend your charity to the cowld and hungry."

"Who's that?" said a voice in an undertone, from the area—and Biddy (for it was she) advanced from the kitchen door.

"Whisht, whisht," said a man from above, who had feigned a beggar-woman's tone and manner, that, if he was heard, the master or mistress of the house might not discover his sex from his voice, and thus find out that a male friend was paying Biddy a nocturnal visit. The conversation dropped into a whisper, and ran thus—

"Well, Biddy darlin', may I go down?"

"Aye, Tom dear—the mistriss is gone to bed."

And Tom soon crossed the palisades, and dropped into the area, where a kiss from Biddy awaited him; and he was now introduced into the kitchen by this thoughtless girl, who thus broke the faith reposed in her by her employers, in admitting, by stealth, a stranger into their house.

This man was a follower of Biddy's, who had been courting her for some time, and was a rival of Peter's. She had met him at a dance, in the house of a woman of her acquaintance, where she went one night, having

obtained permission to go abroad, on the pretence of visiting her mother, thus committing the double crime of deceiving her mistress by a falsehood, and going to a dance without her mother's consent. This friend of hers was, what is commonly called, "no great things," and this man whom she met there was no safe companion for a woman. He made the silly girl believe he was fond of her; he promised her marriage and said he was only waiting for some money he was to get from "an ould uncle of his in America, that died lately and left him somethin' smart, that ud make him up,—and sure you're the deludher intirely, Biddy," said he to her, with an accompanying action of affection.

"Ah, now, behave yourself, Tom," said Biddy; "deed and deed it's a shame for you—lave off, I tell you."

"And what harm?" said Tom. "By the hole in my hat, but them eyes o' yours ud split a flag—it's you that takes the rag aff o' the bush in airnest."

"Well, none o' your palaver," said Biddy. "Where's the ring you promised to show me?"

"They hadn't one at the jew'lers to-day, that was nate enough for you, but they expec' some fresh ones in next week!"

"Ah! that's the way you're puttin' me off now," said Biddy, with a frown.

"See, now," said Tom, "by this and by that and by all the books that never was prented—"

"Whisht!" said Biddy suddenly, and growing pale—

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"whisht, you divil;" and she ran to the foot of the stairs to listen. She returned in a moment.

"Oh! what'll I do now?" said she, in much terror—"by all that's good, here's my mistriss comin' down stairs, and if she sees you I'm ruinated!"

"I'll get up the arya (area) agin!" said Tom, running to the door.

"You havn't time, and she'd hear the noise," said Biddy. "Here—run into the coal-hole, and hide;" and accordingly Tom popped into the coal-vault, which stood in the area opposite the kitchen door.

Biddy had hardly returned to the kitchen when her mistress entered.

"Biddy," said she, "whom have you been speaking to?"

"To nobody, ma'am," said Biddy.

"I thought I heard voices here," said the mistress, "but certainly there was a noise."

"Oh! yis, ma'am," said Biddy, "there was a noise ma'am—'twas the cat, ma'am, that knocked down a saucepan, ma'am—hish! hish! go along Tom—(there was a Tom in the case certainly)—go along, you big thief—he's always stalin' butther, ma'am, and knocking down things."

But, with all her lies, she could not deceive her mistress, who happened to be so near when the visitor had been secreted, that she knew where he was as well as Biddy herself. So, looking about, she saw a basin of dirty water lying in the kitchen, and said, "I often told you, Biddy, never to leave slops lying about the house in this man-

ner," and so saying, she took the vessel, and going to the door of the coal-vault, she flung its filthy contents as far into it as she could, and her random shot was so happily directed, as to drench most completely Biddy's *beau*.

Mister Tom could hardly refrain from shouting aloud when he got this salute of cold and dirty water, but the fear of discovery was greater than the power of the shock, and he bore it silently, and stood dripping in darkness and secrecy.

Having executed this piece of punishment, she retired, and Biddy liberated her admirer; and a pretty figure he cut when he came into the light. His air was sadly altered, for the briskness of his gallantry seemed quite to have been drenched out of him by the ducking he got, and Biddy, even in the midst of her own uneasiness, could not help laughing at him, as he came forth, like a river god, dripping at all points. But all mirth was dispelled by the sound of a foot-step on the stairs—not the light step of a woman, but the firm tread of a man, and the kitchen was entered by the master of the house, armed with a case of pistols.

"Quit my house this moment, you ruffian," said the gentleman to the discomfited Tom, in a decided tone of voice, "and be thankful that I do not send you to the watch-house."

Biddy was dismissed the next day without a character. She told her friend Tom how he had occasioned her the loss of her place, and urged him to marry her at once;

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but Tom refused, and in a week more was lodged in jail on a charge of robbery.

Biddy was now more agreeable than ever to poor Peter Molloy, who still continued to court her, and persisted in neglecting his business, on her account. Peter thought he would never be happy till he was married to Biddy, and he often repeated to himself a saying that, though good when properly applied, is one much calculated to mislead young and foolish people.—“Sure,” said Peter, “God never sends mouths but he sends bread to fill them.” Thus it was that he looked forward to the support of a future family.

In a few days Peter ‘treated’ Biddy to Donnybrook fair.—“Now, my darlin’, step out on the flure,” said Peter, “and we’ll show the world what we can do. Rise it, your sowl!” cried Peter to the piper, and away he and Biddy danced, much to their own admiration.

After dancing till they were tired, they went to rest themselves at a show, where a lady decked out in dirt and spangles, and thumping a tambourine, was bellowing her invitation to the public in the following fascinating lines :—

“Leedies and gintlemin, be plazed to step in,
We’re just goin’ for to commence, for to proceed, for
[to begin.

And you’ll see what you niver yet heerd,
All about Blue Beerd,

For the small charge o’ three ha’pence.”

"This way, mem,—this way," said Fatima herself to Biddy, as she was handed up the plank that led to the boxes, where Blue Beard was taking the pence, and murdering the King's English, before he set about murdering his wives.

Biddy was scarcely seated, when she turned round to see who was tapping her on the head, and to her surprise and indignation she found that this tapping proceeded from a pair of feet, hanging down from a plank above her, which was the gallery. Biddy looked up, and in a tone of extreme politeness said,

"Young man—young man—I say—I'll thank you not to be wipin' your shoes in my new straw bonnet."

"I ax your pardon, ma'am, but I thought 'twas a mat, becace it's so coorse."

"Howld your prate," said Peter Molloy, "or by this and by that"—but here the play commenced and hostilities were prevented.

After the play, Peter should refresh Biddy with a tumbler, and one tumbler led to another, till between Cupid and Bacchus, or, in plain English, between Biddy's eyes and the whiskey punch, Peter got so enamoured of his charmer, that he prevailed on that timid and *innocent* creature to go at once with him to a "couple-beggar,"⁴ which is one of the means of diversion to be found at Donnybrook-fair. This high-priest of Hymen they found in a filthy hovel; he was all over dirt, snuff and whiskey; his spindle shanks seemed insufficient to

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support his bloated body; his knees bent inwards under the diseased incumbrance, and his carbuncled nose gave evidence that debauchery had reduced him to so disgusting a spectacle. When Peter and Biddy entered, he welcomed them with a drunken chuckle,

"Well done, my boy," said he, "you're a sensible fellow to lose no time in making yourself happy.—By the holy poker, a purty girl she is too.—Hillo! Darby," said he to his assistant, "bring me my tools."—Darby brought him a greasy book and a large rusty key.—"Kneel down, my beauty—but stop—not yet—where's the money?"

"How much is it, Sir?" said Peter.

"Five hogs, and a tester to the clerk." "

"I have only half a crown left," said Peter.

"And well for you," said the couple-beggar; "few men can keep a whole crown in Donnybrook fair.—Ha! ha! ha!—Well, I'll be generous—Give me the cash, and you shall have an equivalent."

"Oh! that wouldn't do at all," said Peter. "We must be marrid and nothin' else."

"Ha! ha! Well, I'll do as much as I can for the money."

"Oh! Lord!" said Biddy. "Do you think I'd do the like as to be half marrid, I'd be no one's conkurbine; it must be complate, or I'll not be satisfied."

"Well, well, kneel down," said the old rascal, "and I'll solder you together, equal to the most reverend tinker o' the Church."

Some mumbled ceremony was then gone through, and Peter was desired to put the ring on Biddy's finger.

"Oh, murther!" shouted Peter. "By the piper o' Bles-sin'-town, I have no ring."

"Bad luck to you!" said a piper who was seated on a three-legged stool, in a corner. "How dar' you have the impudence to talk of any other piper here than me? I'm the finest piper that ever squeezed music out iv a bag, barrin' the piper that played before Moses,—glory to him!"

"I ax your pardon, Sir," said Peter.

"'Tis granted," said he of the chanter.

"But what'll I do for a ring?" said Peter to the couple-beggar.

"My coadjutor will supply you with one for another shilling."

"Divil a rap more I have," said Peter.

"Well," said Biddy, who didn't like the work to be interrupted, "here it is," and she handed out the money.

"You're a rale lady," said the clerk, and he put into Peter's hand the big iron key.

"What am I to do with this?" said Peter.

"Put the loop o' the key an her finger, and it's as good a ring as ever done the job."

"Oh! I'm afeard it won't be an honest marriage," said Biddy.

"Tut, you fool," said the couple-beggar; "put out your fist, and none of your nonsense!—how nice you

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are!—maybe it's a goold ring you want. I tell you what, you jade, that blessed key has locked up more people in Hymen's condemned cell than any other jail key in his Majesty's dominion.—Kiss her now, you dog, and your job's done."

Peter gave her a smack as loud as a pistol-shot; and the piper and fiddler struck up the tunes of "Stoney-batter,"⁶ and "Go to the Devil and shake yourself."⁷

"Now be off," said the drunken old brute—"be off, I say, for there are others waiting who are ordered for immediate execution," and he tossed off a glass of whiskey to the health of the happy pair.

Next morning, when he awoke, Peter Molloy was rather surprised to find he had a headache and a wife. However, what was done could not be undone; and though Peter was rather startled, he was not sorry, for he was attached to the girl, and had thought for some time he should never be happy till he was married. Peter went out to his employment, but his master met him at the door of his warehouse, and told him he had no further employment for him. Peter ventured to ask him why, and his master told him that for some time his conduct had been unsatisfactory, he had been neglecting his business, and he feared he was not going on well; he had heard also that the day before he was seen at the fair, in company with a young woman who did not seem a bit better than she should be. This was a "staggerer"

to poor Peter—his heart jumped to his throat at the words, and he could not utter a syllable more; he returned home—no—not home, for he had not dared to go on the preceding night to his mother's, but he returned to Biddy, and we leave the reader to suppose with what appetite he sat down to his breakfast.

"What's the matther, Peter?" said Biddy.

"Oh! nothin'," said Peter, and breakfast passed over rather silently.

"Biddy," said Peter, when their meal was finished, "my masther has put me out iv employment this mornin' and I've no money, and I'm afeard to tell my mother I'm marrid yet;—so darlin', I think you had betther thry and excuse yourself to your misthress for being out last night, and go back to your place antil times mend wid uz."

"Oh! thin, is that the way you're goin' to put away your wife! Oh! *musha*, did I think I'd be used this way,"—and Biddy made a capital imitation of crying.

"Why, sure, how can I help it, Biddy dear?—you see matthers has gone crass wid me."

But in the end, Peter discovered that Biddy was out of place as well as himself, and he then began to wish in his heart he had not been in so violent a hurry; besides he had not quite got rid of the sting he felt at the imputation his master cast upon Biddy's appearance. It was with a heavy heart that Peter at last, when he

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summoned sufficient resolution, told his mother of his circumstances, and the sorrowing woman shook her head and said, "Ah! Pether, my poor foolish boy, why didn't you mind your mother's advice. You often heard me say, Pether dear,

'Marry in haste and repent at leisure'."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATIONAL PROVERBS
No. II

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATIONAL PROVERBS

No. II

THE CONTRAST

PETER MOLLOY was now what is commonly called "a happy man;" but there was not so miserable a happy man in the King's dominions. He had suddenly brought upon him the charge of a wife, without any previous means laid by for supporting her, and he had lost his employment the morning after he had married. This was a black prospect for poor Peter; and when he considered that not only he, who was guilty of the imprudence, should suffer, but that his poor mother, against whose advice he had acted, would also feel the consequences of his rashness, his conscience rose up against him in judgment, and his heart smote him for being an undutiful child as well as a foolish young man.

The poor mother did not speak unkindly to her son, but was more silent than usual, and evidently in sorrow. Her forbearance and grief were additional loads upon poor Peter's heart, for we have said, already, that his heart was better than his head. But grieving would not get him and his wife and mother a dinner, so Peter set out to look for another situation. He was not a tradesman;

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therefore, to find a new employment was more difficult for him. He could not leave one workshop and go directly and get wages in another, though this itself is not so easily done at times. He had held a situation of some trust, as a warehouseman, and had been valued by his master for his attention and trustworthiness; but he failed in the former, and that rendered his employer less sure of the latter quality. To find such another employment as this was not easy, and day after day was consumed in looking for something to do. The support they wanted during these days was derived from pawning various little pieces of comfort that Peter, in his days of industry, had been enabled to get about his poor mother; and as, one by one, necessity forced their being sent to the pawnbroker's, the look of silent sorrow that gleamed from the tearful eyes of the old woman would have touched a harder heart than Peter's. He went with two silver tea-spoons one morning to the pawnbroker's, and it grieved him sorely to pledge this "little bit of decency," that the mother was pleased to have about her, and as he came to the lane where the entrance to this last refuge of struggling necessity was situated, he felt the blush of shame burn on his cheek, and his manly blood rise from his heart, chokingly, into his throat, at the thought of the degradation he suffered, in being obliged to have recourse to such means of support; he looked sharply round at the corner of the lane, to see that no acquaintance was near, to witness his disgrace, and then

darted down the filthy place, and turned into the dark entry under the ill-boding sign of the three golden balls. It was yet early in the morning, but the strong scent of whiskey was distinguishable amongst other odours that rendered the foetid atmosphere of this den peculiarly disgusting. As he entered, he overheard the end of a dialogue between the pawnbroker and a miserable wretch who was entreating a further advance than the other would give on a pair of inexpressibles much the worse for wear.

"Oh, give me another shillin'."

"I wouldn't give you a shilling altogether on them."

"On them," said the fellow, with a shrug of his ragged shoulders—"Throth, thin, though you won't give me a shillin' on them, it's many a good shillin' I've had in them, anyhow."

"The pockets must have been in better order then than now," said the broker, "for he'd be a clever fellow could keep a shilling in them now."

"By dad," said the unfortunate wretch, in whom misery had not conquered fun, "by dad, 'twas all one to me, whether my pockets was good or bad, the divil a shillin' I could ever keep in them. Come—give uz what I want."

"No—I'll give you ten-pence, or go away—you're delaying other customers."

"Oh! they needn't hurry themselves," said the unfortunate wretch—"you'll do their business for them fast enough. Here's the duds—give us the brass."

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The exchange was made, and as the broker took the piece of attire.—“Thrate them dacently,” said their former owner, “for they belonged to as bowld a woman as ever blackened an eye. Hurra! here goes for another naggin, anyhow, to dhrink confusion to petticoat government.” And he staggered out of the office.

A woman now drew from under her cloak a handsome silver table-spoon—“I’ll throuble you, Sir, for the same on this that you gave me th’ other day.”


The pawnbroker examined it.—“I see the crest and cypher are the same as on the other you pledged. Where do these come from?”

“Oh! Sir, there’s nothing wrong in the matther—my misthriss is in want of a trifle, and they’ll be redeemed in a few days more, when she hears from the counthry.”

“Oh, very well,” said the broker, and he took the spoon and handed her some money in return.

“My misthriss is a very nice lady, Sir, and wouldn’t wish it to be known she done the like.”

“You mean,” said a gruff voice behind her, “you wouldn’t wish it to be known you done the like,” and at the same moment she was laid hold of by a policeman. “If your misthriss isn’t a nice woman, I think she has an uncommon nice sarvant at all events.—I’ll throuble you, sir, for that silver spoon too,” said the officer of justice to the pawnbroker, and the money the unfortunate woman had received was given back, as the spoon was identified to be one of many stolen from her mistress. This produced



a great commotion in the office, and Peter was anxious to get his pawning effected and leave a scene which every moment was becoming more odious to him. He approached the counter and offered his spoons.

"More spoons," said the pawnbroker, and he cast a suspicious look at Peter.

Peter felt indignant at the insinuation the words and look implied, and was going to make an angry answer, but he checked himself, and only said, "I'm no thief, sir."

"I didn't say you were," said the pawnbroker in a rough tone. "You're mighty ready to defend yourself, I think."

"Well, if you don't like to take them, give them back to me, and somebody else will."

"Oh, no," said the pawnbroker; "I'll advance you the money," and so he did.

"Please God I'll redeem them soon," said Peter, "and then you'll be sure I'm not a robber."

"Redeem them," said the policeman, looking shrewdly at Peter—"I see you don't know much about such matters. Redeem, indeed!—Why, did you never hear the maynin' o' the three balls over a pawnbroker's door?"

"No," said Peter.

"Then I'll tell you," said the policeman. "The three balls signify that whatever you bring here, it's two to one against you that you ever see it again;" and with this comfortable information to Peter he quitted the office with a brother constable, leading the nice servant woman between them.

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Peter went home heavy-hearted, and after a scanty breakfast, again went on the search for employment. In the course of his day's walk, he met a friend who invited him to take a tumbler.—“Dhrown care, man,” said he; and the punch after a slender breakfast had a great effect on Peter, and created in his mind false hope and fortitude.

“Well,” said he to his mother on his return, “tomorrow may bring better luck, and maybe it's for the best afther all.”

“How do you make that out, Pether *alanna*?” said the sorrowful woman.

“Why, maybe I'll meet a betther masther yet.”

“Ah! Pether, Mr. Finn was a rale good masther to you.”

This stung Peter because it was true, and he answered that he was “cross and dark enough betimes.”

“He was a good masther, for all that,” said his mother, “and who knows, Pether, but you sometimes earned the dark look.”

“Well, at all events there's as good fish in the say as ever was caught,” said Peter, “and maybe I'll have a betther place yit—indeed, I'm partly promised one, and what do you say to that, now?”

“What you often heerd me say before, Pether, that *a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush*. God send you a good place, and you'll never have betther nor I wish you, but until you got it I wish you had kept ‘the bird in the hand’.”

Peter, for some days after, had cause to feel the truth of the two proverbs his mother had applied to his circumstances. His immediate experience taught him that "a bird in the hand *is* worth two in the bush;" and in his present state of idleness he had plenty of leisure for repenting the hasty marriage. At last his hopes of employment became so low, that for immediate relief he undertook to carry the placards of a company of equestrians and tumblers, then exhibiting in the city. These placards were suspended from Peter's neck, one before and another behind him; so that, in fact, the equestrians yoked him into their service like one of their beasts. This employment was not at all to Peter's taste—his neck rising from between two pieces of board, struck the little idle boys in the street as ridiculous, and he was much annoyed one day as he heard one of these little vagabonds say to another, with mischievous fun twinkling in his eye, and the fore-finger of his dirty little paw pointed at him as he moved, in melancholy, towards them, "Look, Dinny, look—see de chap in de pillory!"

"Pillory!"—Peter did not think a little street blackguard could annoy him so much. This increased the shame he felt as the passers-by looked at his placards, while he walked up and down Sackville-street; every look Peter thought was directed at him, and he fancied that instead of reading the placards, everybody said to himself, "Look at that unfortunate devil making a show of himself." This was more particularly the case when some

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near-sighted person applied his eye-glass to inspect the "bill of the play" he carried,—and from the nature of the advertisement it bore, the contrast between the bearer and the burden was excessively ludicrous. The bill bore a dazzling wood-cut of a clown's head, grinning from ear to ear, and in large red letters was printed underneath, "Lots of FUN",—above these, in striking relief to the red-cheeked, grinning clown's face, and "lots of fun," rose poor Peter's pale and melancholy visage, his eye sunken and averted, as if it feared to meet the look of his fellow-creatures. The effect was too striking to pass observation, and, at last, two young gentlemen, with more of frolic than humanity in their natures, stopped right before Peter, raised their glasses at him, and burst into a horse-laugh.

This was cruelty.—The poor fellow whose misery made the contrast laughable, was stung to the heart.—And fun is never worth purchasing at the price of another's pain!

Peter could carry his placards no longer that day; he went to his wretched home, and told his mother and Biddy he could "stand it no longer." "I'll give it up," said he; "I'm promised a better employment next week."

"Pether, darlin'," said his mother, "it is a hard lot you have, my poor boy, I don't deny, but bear it till you are sure of a better; you're earnin' your bread honestly, anyhow, and you know it's true what I told you already, and tell you again now—

'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush'."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATIONAL PROVERBS
No. III

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATIONAL PROVERBS

No. III

THE TRIAL

THE pittance that poor Peter earned by carrying the placards was so slender, that he and those dependent on him were barely kept from starvation. Biddy was more discontented than any of the three under this change of circumstances, for she was a selfish creature, and the selfish are seldom good for any thing. There is no vice that does not leave its traces of degradation stamped on the character; but I know of none that so extensively debases human nature, as unbounded selfishness. Other vices are positive in their own action and go no further, but selfishness is not only an active vice, but has the destructive quality of even checking the growth of virtue. Biddy was also a liar; and one person could scarcely possess two worse faults. The wretched life she now led made her more than ever regret the good place she had lost, and she cast about in her own mind how she could obtain another.

She determined to go to her former mistress, and by inventing a pitiful story, endeavour to prevail in obtaining a character to enable her to get a new service. Here

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the two vices of her nature are seen in full play. Selfishness made her regret her present lot, and falsehood was the mode by which she intended to mend it. We shall see how she fared.

She went to Mrs. Bond, accordingly, and, obtaining an interview, she threw herself on her knees before her, and began to cry bitterly, protesting she never was happy since the night she was so guilty in vexing her mistress by letting a man into the house without her knowledge.

"But, oh! ma'am," said Biddy, sobbing violently, "I wouldn't have done the like only we wor goin' to be marrid."

"But even if you were married, Biddy, you would have no right to let your husband into the house without my permission."

"I know that, ma'am, but sure we wor coortin' then, and when people's coortin', ma'am, you know they're never right in their minds; but now that we're marrid, ma'am, Pether's aisier about me, and wouldn't be throublin' the house, ma'am."

"Then you are married," said Mrs. Bond, "to that man that was in the kitchen that night I discovered you together."

"Yes, ma'am," said Biddy, with as much composure as if she had been telling truth.

"I'm glad," said Mrs. Bond, "that as you hurt your character by your conduct that night, you have been honestly married, but I cannot give you a character

notwithstanding, for I could not without telling an untruth. I suppose your husband has means of supporting you, and you must give him what help you can in some other way than going to service."

Here Biddy burst into a flood of tears. "Oh, mistriss dear! have pity on me—poor Pether, ma'am, has been very sick intirely, and hasn't been able to airn a mouthful o' bread this three weeks; though it's he would if he was able, and he's the industherous craythur, ma'am, but, indeed, your tendher heart ud bleed if you seen his face black afther he working in the colliery."

"Then he's a coal-porter, I find," said Mrs. Bond.

"Oh, no, ma'am, he'd scorn the like—he's a dacent man, ma'am, and had a good employment in James's-street, but when he got the colliery—"

"What colliery are you talking of, girl?" said Mrs. Bond.

"The colliery morpus, ma'am."

"Oh, now I understand you—the cholera morbus."

"Yes, ma'am—that's what I said—the colliery morpus."

"It was a blue case then?" said Mrs. Bond.

"Oh! indeed it's a blue case enough wid us, ma'am," said Biddy, "and he sick and not able to earn a penny; and won't you give me a characther, ma'am, for the tindher marcy o' heaven, to enable me."

"No, Biddy, I cannot give you a character, for I should tell a falsehood if I did; but I am going to part with my present servant, and will take you back and

give you another trial. As you are married to the man on whose account you were parted, I have a better opinion of you, and when I tell Mr. Bond, I'm sure he will have no objection to permitting your return to our service."

Biddy was all gratitude, or I should say affected it, for no one base enough to deceive a kind-hearted mistress as she did could be capable of so generous a sentiment; but she succeeded in her scheme for the moment, and was reinstated in her place.

Mr. Bond, in whose service she lived, was a barrister, and, on a certain morning, was engaged in the criminal court, in Green-street, for the prosecution of some prisoners indicted for burglary. The case was one that had excited some interest, for the robbery had been extensive, and was traced to a party of marauders who had infested the neighbourhood of the city for some time, without the hand of justice being enabled to catch and crush them, and on the present occasion it was one of their own gang who had turned king's evidence, that was to prosecute them.

This ruffian, who, for the sake of preserving his own neck, was going to hang all his old associates, was produced. He mounted the table, and, for a moment, seemed ashamed to lift his eyes to meet the gaze of honest men; but with the hardihood of seasoned villainy, he plucked up his impudence and looked round the court with his pale grey cat-like eyes, that twinkled restlessly about under red bushy brows, and a low and narrow forehead. He

swore point blank to the facts laid in the indictment, and identified all the prisoners. The cross-examination now commenced, and a twitch of his mouth, and a short quick shrug of his shoulders seemed to imply his consciousness of what he was going to endure.

"Well, my fine fellow," said the counsel for the defence, "you know all the prisoners at the bar you say?"

"I do."

"I believe you don't know them as well as they know you?"

"Indeed that's more nor I can tell."

"By the virtue of your oath are you not one of the oldest hands about town?"

"Faix, I dunna that," said the ruffian, with prodigious effrontery, "but I believe I've one o' the biggest hands in the county," and he put forth a brawny fist of enormous dimension. A laugh followed this repartee, and the counsel was foiled for a moment, while the witness gathered fresh confidence from the success of his reply.

"I dare say you find that hand of yours useful to you," said the counsel;—"now, for instance, when you throttled the four geese at farmer Toole's, at Kilternan?"

"I didn't throttle four geese," said the ruffian, with much complacency.

"By virtue of your oath, didn't you steal four geese?"

"No," said the knave, with a chuckle, "one of them was a gandher."

Another laugh was excited.

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"Oh!" said the counsel, "I see you are nice as to gender, though I dare say you are not particular as to number."

"Except when the numbers is against me, sir."

"Good again," said the counsel. "I perceive you are a skilful general, you won't fight against odds; but the odds were not against you when you robbed the poor old man on the Wicklow road."

"I done no such thing," said the scoundrel, with great firmness.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the counsel, "I have a witness to produce that can throw some light on this subject, but I will put the question more home to this witty gentleman."—Then turning to the approver, he said, "So you swear you did not rob the farmer on the Wicklow road?"

"I did not," was the answer.

"By the virtue of your oath?"

"By virtue o' my oath I didn't rob him an the road—I robbed him an the car."

There was laughter in the court at the reply, but it was mingled with indignation at this fellow's effrontery.

"You're a particularly facetious person," said the counsel.

"The divil a more fassy-aceous chap in the county, though there may be a few honesther."

"Honest!" said the counsel, "I should suppose you to be a particularly honest gentleman, by the candid way in which you speak of yourself."

"Oh! indeed, I'm as honest a man as any I see here,"

said he, looking sharply around at the lawyers,—“begging his lordship’s pardon!”

“Quit the table, sirrah!” said the judge, and the brute sneaked from the witness’s chair.

But when he looked round in giving his last sarcastic answer, he encountered one eye that made him quail; it was that of Mr. Bond, who then recognised in the features of this hardened ruffian the identical Tom that Biddy had secreted in the coal-vault.

On his return home, therefore, he communicated this fact to his wife, and Biddy was immediately ordered to quit the house; the wife of a robber, which, from her own account, they believed her to be, could not be permitted to remain a moment under their roof. Biddy was thunderstruck at the unlucky chance that exposed her to this unlooked-for consequence of her falsehood, and then told her real case, and implored forgiveness.

“I thought, ma’am,” says she, “’twas no harm to tell you that, as ’twould get me my place again; and sure, ma’am, I’ve behaved myself since I came back to you—but, indeed I’m an honest woman, and I’m marrid to an honest husband, ma’am, and that villian the mather seen isn’t my husband at all.”

“You told your mistress he was,” said Mr. Bond.

“Oh! sir, indeed he’s not—oh! forgive me this once, and I’ll never tell you a lie again, indeed, sir. Oh! mistriss dear, I’ll give you every satisfaction in life, to show I’m not marrid to that villian, but to an honest man.”

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“No, no, Biddy,” said Mrs. Bond, “we could never have confidence in you again—you must leave the house; and remember for the future, that any thing gained by falsehood is always in danger of being lost. There is an old and a true saying, Biddy,—

‘Truth stands upon two legs, but a lie stands only on one’.”

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No. IV

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATIONAL PROVERBS

No. IV

THE HOT SUPPER

BIDDY was obliged to quit Mrs. Bond's house immediately—half an hour sufficed to make all the necessary arrangements for so doing, and with her scanty bundle of clothes, and the few shillings of wages paid to her, she was again turned forth upon the world from the comfortable home she, a second time, forfeited by her own unworthiness.

As she proceeded towards James's-street, where, in a miserable garret, Peter and his mother were living, and whom she had not seen since she had recovered her former place, and secured to herself her own immediate comforts, she ruminated, in no very pleasing train of thought, on the unlucky turn that her affairs had taken. Biddy, good-for-nothing as she was, and I am afraid, as Peter's former master said, "no better than she should be," even she felt, for the moment, the justice of her fate; and the remorse, that even the most hardened, on certain occasions, must feel, visited her indolent conscience with bitterness.

For a while she was so much under its influence, that

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she had determined to tell Peter the whole truth the moment she should see him, and felt so keenly the evil consequence of telling falsehoods, that she was almost coming to the resolve of never being guilty of untruth again, when, passing through High-street, being jostled by a man who had just emerged from a filthy lane, she said in her sauciest tone—"I wish you'd look before you, good man."

"Good man," said the offender, "oh, good woman to you, ma'am, and maybe neither of us tells thruth."

"Spake to yourself, sir," said Biddy indignantly, "I owe you no discoorse;" and she was brushing hastily by him, when she was arrested by the forcible grasp of a hand laid on her cloak, and a voice with which she was not unacquainted said—

"Be the hokey, if Biddy Purcell is an the flure o' God's creation, that's her—I know the sharp side of her tongue."

"Then it's not Biddy Purcell," said she, hiding her face.

"*Arrah*, let us look at you," said her detainer, catching her under the chin, and turning up her face to the lamp-light—"sure I knew 'twas you an' nobody else—by the powdhers o' war I'd know your shadow an a bush—*musha*, more power to you, and how are you—how is every five fut o' you?"

"Indeed an it's bad enough wid me, and more betoken it's all along o' you, bad cess to you; it's the bad day I ivir knew you, Tom, for I never was the same woman since."

"*Arrah*, be aisy, Biddy Purcell."

"It's Mrs. Molloy your spakin' to, sir, if you plaze."

"Oh, murther!" said Tom, "so you're marrid to that poor lantherumswag of a gandher that was afther you like a suckin' calf."

"Oh! indeed he's no witch sure enough," said Biddy, "but he made me an honest woman, anyhow."

"Faith, then, he was a clever fellow that done that same," said the ruffian, with a villainous look and leer.

It would be disgusting to pursue this conversation farther; it is enough to say, that any good resolutions Biddy might have been forming, of confessing the whole and simple truth to Peter on her return, were quite upset by meeting with her old acquaintance Tom, and that this worthy, having treated Biddy to punch in a neighbouring public-house, drowned her care and her conscience together, and persuaded her, that the best thing she could do was to introduce him to her husband, as one of her fellow-servants who had been out of place, "and never mind," said he, "if he won't have more money to spend in a week afther he knows me—by dad, I'll do for him, I'll engage." This plan having been agreed upon, they separated, and Biddy went home. Even in the midst of her misery Peter was glad to see his unworthy wife again—unhappily for the poor fellow, more unworthy than he could have imagined.

The mother was more observant, and seeing something of an unnatural twinkling about Biddy's eyes, she

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suspected she had been drinking, and making an occasion to approach her, she became more convinced of this fact, and said,

“Where were you drinking the punch, Biddy, that the smell of it is so strong upon you?”

“Indeed, then,” said Biddy, “an’ it was a fellow-sarvant of my own that was out of place, like myself, that I met, and he thrated me, and, indeed, I’m behoulden to him, besides, that he promised to come here to-morrow, and put Pether up to a way of doin’ better for himself than he has been doin’ of late—and a dacent man he is, and a good warrant to help a friend.”

In such way she praised Tom, and, accordingly, the next day he had a meeting with Peter, and told him that he needn’t mind carrying placards any more, for that he had an easier and more profitable mode of life to point out to him.

“Ah!” said Peter, “but how am I to do antil I get that betther way of doin’? My mother tells me, and sure I’ve good raison to remember every thing she towld me, for it has come thrue—she tells me ‘a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,’ and I mustn’t give up what I have.”

“Why then,” said Tom, with a look of contempt, which he made as strong as he could, to wound Peter’s pride, “why then are you sitch a poor sperited hound as to mind what a croakin’ owld hag says to you?”

“My mother’s no hag,” said Peter.

"Well, no offence," said Tom, "I only mane every owld woman is a croakin' hag, and crammin' good advice and owld sayings down our throats, as if we had nothin' else to do here but to be larnin' from our mothers always—*arraah*, man dear, don't be a child all your life."

"But what'll I do for bread if I give up carryin' the boords?"

"Look at this," said Tom, and he produced six shillings in his hand, "here's as much money as you'll get for a week by disgracin' yourself that-a-way, and I go bail that in less than a week you'll have more money than twice of your own airnin'."

"An' how do *you* make your money?" said Peter.

"I'll tell you then," said Tom, "and the best day ever I saw was the day I lost my place, for I have been betther aff ever since, by lyin' in waitin' about the hotels, and the coach-offices and the like o' that, ready to run wid a message for a gintleman, or carry his portmantle, or go wid a bit of a note for him, or maybe have his cloak ready for him outside the door whin he's comin' from a party or the likes o' that; and you'll get a shillin' here, and a sixpence there, and maybe nothin' an odd time, but it comes to somethin' smart in the end. And the beauty of it is, you're your own master, for instead of bein' at the will o' one to ordher you here and there, and biddin' you to do this and that, and hear of no excuse, you have only to do a little turn for one, and a little turn for another, and not obligated to do

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that same, barrin' it's plazin' to you; and you have time enough to spare between turns, to smoke a pipe or take share of a pot or glass, and no offence."

Peter was convinced, at last, that the mode of life Tom recommended was better than the one he was engaged in, and he entered upon it accordingly. Tom, to further his own ultimate views, put as much in Peter's way as he could, and Peter was pleased with the change—not so his mother. She did not like the acquaintance he had formed with this man, and still less liked Biddy's friendship with him; besides, from the irregular nature of Peter's employment, his hours became equally irregular, and one, or two, or three in the morning were no unusual hours for Peter's going out or coming home. If the mother objected or questioned, the answer was that it was a gentleman he was to call at a certain hour, and was to carry his trunks to the coach-office, or the canal-boat; or that he was waiting till some of the coaches came in, and then he had to carry luggage to some distant quarter of the town. These answers did not satisfy the mother, and, at last, her suspicions of Tom were changed to certainty of his villainy, by her becoming acquainted with the fact of his having been in jail, and saved his neck by becoming king's evidence.

This she lost no time in communicating to her son, and warned him to have no further intercourse with so base a character. But Peter, by this time, had become infected with a liking for the irregular life he led; it was

a strange mixture of idleness and hard work, of indulgence and hardship, and, from its very uncertainty, possessing an excitement that more regular employment could not offer; and Tom, too, had contrived to get such an ascendancy over Peter's easy and simple nature, that the latter had not power or resolution to break with him.

"I tell you he's a black-hearted villian," said his mother; "he betrayed his old companions, and he may betray you, poor unfortunate simple boy as you are. Mark my words, Peter, you'll rue the day you met that down-looking dog, if you continue to keep with him."

"Oh, as for bethrayin' me, mother," said Peter, "he can't bethray me, for I never done any thing to put me in the power of him or any other man."

"Oh, thank God! for that same," said the poor woman, "and long may he mark you to grace, and keep you out of harm; but, Peter, don't be temptin' Providence by having any thing more to do with that treacherous-eyed villian—sure he can't look one straight in the face."

"Oh, ma'am," said Biddy, "no one can help their eyes—his eyes are as God made them."

"I wasn't talking to you, ma'am," said the mother, "but if his eyes be as God made them, maybe they wor made for a warnin', and I'm sure no honest man ever had the like."

"Well, mother," said Peter, "he was very good to me, anyhow, and put me in the way of betttherin' myself,

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and sure I'm able to give you the dhrop o' tay agin."

"Oh! Peter," said the poor woman, "I'd rather live an dhry pittaytees, or a crust o' brown bread, and have wather, so they were honestly earned, than eat betther bread that had the curse of dishonesty upon it."

"Who says I ever done any thing dishonest?" said Peter.

"I'm only afraid you may, Peter dear—you may—I don't like the hours you keep, and I often said so before."

"Oh, that's only in the regard of my business."

"Honest employment, Peter, keeps honest hours, and I tell you again, have nothing more to do with that bad man, for I know he's a bad man."

"He was never bad to me, anyhow," said Peter, "but gave me money when I wanted it."

"Didn't he sell the blood of his own companions?—how can you get over that?"

"He explained all that to me, and said it was them ensnared him."

"Oh, the desaiver!—but need you go beyant his own talk, and his own ways—hav'n't they the mark of wickedness and treachery upon them."

"As for his talk," said Peter, "Tom is a wild blade enough in his talk betimes, and wouldn't be as particular maybe, as another, but his tongue is worse nor his heart, and whatever he might do, don't be afeard o' me, mother dear, you always reared me too well to let me do anything that would shame or disgrace you."

“Ah, Peter,” said the mother, affected to tears almost, by this allusion to her early care of his childhood, “take care—take care—there are few of us able to stand against bad example and temptation, and if you continue to keep with that man, he’ll bring you into trouble, if not into guilt. You may have very good intentions of your own, but you’re not able for that schemer—keep him at a distance I tell you.—Peter, there’s another ould sayin’ I have, if you’re not tired of them before this, but you know how they’ve all come true, and this is as true as any of them :

‘When you sup with the Devil, have a long spoon’.”

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No. V

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No. V

THE PORTMANTEAU

It was one of those cold and damp mornings peculiar to our climate in the early spring months, that a hack jaunting-car drove up Mount-street, just as the watchman was drawling out, in the usual sleepy tone that distinguishes his fraternity, "Five o'cla-u-c-k."

Two men were seated on the car, and whether any appearance about them or their vehicle excited the suspicion of the watchman, I know not, but he called out to the driver, as he passed him:

"What's that you have on the car?"

"Go ax," was the laconic and polite reply.

This indignity stimulated the watchman into activity, and as he started after them, in what was really a very decent run for a watchman, he exclaimed :

“Aha! you morodin’ villians, I know what you’re afther, you sack’em-up vagabones,⁸ but I’ll pin yiz yet if yiz don’t stop;” and he was about to spring his rattle when the car was pulled up, as if, he flattered himself, in obedience to his mandate. When he came up with it, he poked his pole into the well of the car to ascertain

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what was there, but some hay and a piece of coarse canvas was all he discovered.

"Well," said the driver, "you got a power, to be sure—maybe it's the Lord Mayor you expected to find there."

"No; it's not the Lord Mayor I expected to find there," said the watchman.

"Well, I dare say, you thought you'd recover a corporation, anyhow; but you're out, you see, like the lamps,"—which certainly were out before they should have been, and just at the time when light is particularly necessary in a city.

The second man had, during this scolding match, jumped from the car, and interrupted further conversation by knocking loudly at the door opposite to which the car stopped, and the driver, as the discomfited watchman walked away, said, "Go home, bulky,—go home to the unfort'nate woman that owns you.—Faix, it's long before you'd be so particlar wid a thief that was crassin the arya (area) rails."

Here another loud application of the knocker was made to the hall-door, and the squeeling sound of a raised window-sash was heard immediately after, and a head in a night-cap was protruded from the window, with the half-startled, half-sleepy question of "Who's there?"

"Five o'cl-a-u-c-k!" was the reply of the watchman, as he walked back past the house, with his nose peeping out from the collar of his frieze coat, and his pole tucked



under his arm, as his hands had renewed their close acquaintance with each other, under the sleeve of each opposite arm.

"Who's there?" again was asked from the window.

"It's the car, your honour," was the answer.

"Confound you! why were you not here sooner? The coach starts at a quarter before six. I told you to be here before five."

"Oh, we'll be there in no time, sir. I've brought you up a rale good car, your honour—the finest car in Dublin—the rale pick o' the sieve, and a horse that'll rowl you lively."

"I'm afraid I'll be late, and if so I'll not give you a sixpence;" and the head was withdrawn from the window.

In the course of some time, the drawing of bolts inside the door preceded the appearance of the person who had ordered this car to be in attendance, and he began abusing Peter Molloy, for it was he, for not being with him at the time he promised.

"I would not mind," said the gentleman, "only I have such a quantity of luggage. I wanted to be at the coach-office early, in time to have it packed; and now I fear I will barely catch the coach before it starts."

"Oh, never fear, your honour, we'll be in plenty time,"—which is the universal answer on occasions when it is very doubtful that one may not be late. So the luggage was flung on the car, and the gentleman mounted on one side, and Peter as luggage guard on the other, and

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away whipped the driver, endeavouring to urge the miserable hack that was dragging them, into a speed beyond its powers.

"What are you beating that unfortunate brute so for?" said the gentleman.

"Oh, sir, I'm only takin' the consait out of her," was the answer:—the miserable animal was only fit to throw to hounds. "I thought your honour was in a hurry."

"Yes, but I don't want you to cut the flesh off your unfortunate horse."

"Ah! she's a rogue, your honour. Hurrup—posey—step out your sowl!—show the blood that's in you;" and certainly as far as drawing it out of her with a whip could effect it, he endeavoured to do so, and some more whipping and stumbling brought them into Sackville-street just as the coach was about to start.

Here, a heavily laden coach was surrounded by the usual quantity of beggars and news-vendors, the hurrying coachman, the growling guard, the busy ostlers and idle lookers-on, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, and a very extraordinary and disjointed jumble of questions and answers was to be heard on all sides, and I will attempt a sketch of it.

"Hillo there!" shouted the coachman to the guard—"bad luck to you, Norton, what delays you?"

"The Despatch! The Telegraphic Despatch!" was answered by a news-man.

The coach was going to start, as the gentleman already spoken of, jumped off the car and called to the coachmen to stop.

"Get up then at once, sir, if you please, for we're past our time already."

"I must get up my luggage first," said the gentleman.

"Oh! gogs blakey, sir," said the coachman, "why worn't you at the office sooner, and you with luggage?"

"This fellow I desired to call me was late; it's not my fault, and we drove as quickly as we could."

"The next time you're in a hurry, sir," said the coachman, "I'd recommend you to get a horse with four legs."

The driver of the car here stood up for the honour of his horse, and said, "You're a great judge, to be sure, an' so you are, of *fore* legs, but be my sowl it would be well for your passengers that your horses hadn't *hind* legs, as the gentleman that you tumbled off o' the box-sate last Sathurday among the heels o' the wheelers, when you set them kickin' by the dose o' whippcord you gave them down by Drumcondra-bridge."

"You lie, you calumnivatin' blackguard!" said the coachman, as he made a cut of his whip at him.

"Oh, yes!—your mighty ready wid your whip-cord, sure enough, an' it's well known o' you—By gor, you kill more every year nor a 'potticary a'most, by upsettin' the coach, and I wondher Mr. Purcell ° keeps you."

"Who wants the Registher—The Mornin' Registher,

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and Counsellor O'Connell's grand Speech, in answer to the King's Speech."

"Bad cess to you, I wish you had lost your speech," said the guard, as he passed to and fro, "you're moidherin' me, so you are, all the mornin' with your shoutin'."

"Who wants The Registher?" said the news-man.

"I want my place," said the gentleman.

"Then you had better buy a Sandhers¹⁰ from me, and maybe you'd find it in that, sir," said the fellow, with that readiness of repartee so remarkable in his class.

"Who wants The Freeman?" shouted another.

"Ireland wants every one that'll stand to her," returned the former fellow again.

A nervous and lank gentleman, muffled in coats and shawls, seated on the box, became very fidgety from the moment the carman had made the allusion to the coachman's propensity to whipping, and having beckoned to the former to approach, he questioned him further on the subject.

"Oh! sir, it's only a little partic'lar he is about the number of his passengers, and as he is innocent o' larnin', and divil burn his schoolmaster for that same, he can't read the way-bill, sir, to see how many passengers he has, and so when he wants to count them, he's obliged to spread them out an the road."

"He upsets them you mean?" said the nervous gentleman.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that for the world, sir," said the carman, with more mischief in the tone of his denial, than the direct assertion would have conveyed.

"Oh, don't b'lieve him, sir," said the coachman: "it's the blackest o' lies the vagabone is tellin' you. I say, Norton," addressing the guard, "will you dhrive that blackguard out o' that."

"Aye, dhrive—there it is again, sir,—you heerd him," said the fellow, laughing in intense delight as he saw the gentleman's fear and the coachman's anger increased. "It's for dhrivin' he is—faix he dhrives so hard he sometimes laves his passengers behind, like the sojer last week at Swords." ¹¹

"Was he killed?" said the trembling box-seat passenger.

"Oh, no, sir, he only had his legs broke."

"Coachman," said the gentleman, "if you dare to drive too fast I'll complain of you to your employers."

"*Arrah*, sir, never mind the miscrayant."

"Oh! it's thruth I'm tellin' you, sir," said the carman, "and sure he knows himself 'twas only last week he dhruv again the—"

"Post! Evening Post!" said the news-man.

"He dhruv agin the Widow Waddy's pig, and made bacon of him, and made jommethry o' the passengers."

"Coachman!" said the nervous man again, "if you drive faster than—"

"The Mail!—The Evenin' Mail!" shouted the news-man.

Here a beggar-woman put in her word—"Ah! gintleman dear, extind your charity to the poor woman—a little thrifle, your honour, to the poor woman, gintleman dear, that is in disthress."

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The "gintleman dear" was in distress, indeed, for his fears were seriously awakened for his personal safety.

She changed her hand, now, and tried another, whose military cap and cloak bespoke a man of war; he was, however, only a linen-draper given to finery.

"Ah, sir dear, with the cap—ah, iligant captain, won't you bestow a thrifle an the poor widdy and the dissolute orphans?"

The captain took no notice, but was engaged in endeavouring to light a cigar, which afterwards made him sick.

"Ah, iligant captain wid the goold an' your cap—"

"Ah, lave him alone," said an old bitter hag who saw the case was hopeless—"lave him alone, I tell you—by my sowl he's more goold an his cap than in his pocket."

"Why then," said the guard to Peter, "where do you think I'm to put all this luggage?"

"Put it in the boot," said the gentleman who owned it.

"The fore boot is full," said the guard.

"Well, put it in the hind boot," said the gentleman.

"The hind boot is full too," said the guard.

"Well, thry the top boot," said Peter, pointing to the roof of the coach.

"May the divil run a huntin' wid you and your top boot," said the guard in a passion.

"Throth, an' it's top-boots he'd have, if he did run a huntin'," said Peter.

"Why, bad cess to you, don't you see there's not room

for half o' this thievin' luggage?" said the guard; "by this and that it would puzzle a counsellor to pack another box on it, let alone this heap o' things."

"Bad scan to you!" said the coachman, "will you ever let me start?—Throw them up any way, and let me be goin'."

"Throth, then, if I was goin' wid you, it's myself that id like to have some one to tache you your business," said the carman. "Who have you to show you the way?"

"The Pilot! The Pilot!" shouted the news-man.

"Hand me up that other trunk now," said the guard—"by all that's good the coach is more like a dhray than a coach, wid all the luggage that's on it. Is there any more of it?"

"No; that's the last," said Peter.

"Are you sure you put up the leather portmanteau?"

"Oh! yes, sir," said a stander-by, "I seen the guard put that up the first." This person was Tom, who had been talking with the carman for a few seconds previously.

"Now then, we're all right," said the guard. "You may be off when you plaze."

"Oh, *musha!*" shouted the coachman, "I'm ruined! Norton."

"What's ruined you?" said the guard.

"The Times! The Times!" shouted the news-man.

"I've broke my whip," said the coachman, "an the head o' that blackguard carman that was tantalizin' me. You must borrow me one o' Tom Toole's out o' the

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office." This was done accordingly, and the coach rolled heavily away to the music of the guard's horn, as it awoke the echoes of the yet almost empty streets. The little knot of persons dispersed from before the coach-office, and the noise and bustle was succeeded by silence and loneliness.

The scene must now be changed to a cellar in a remote lane. Three men descended the broken steps that led to the wretched abode, and, entering the dark and smoky den, saluted by the title of Black Bet, a woman who welcomed them; and seated themselves at a low table near a bad fire, and called for their "morning."

"An' bitther cowl'd it is, by the same token, and a gum tickler will be as welkim as the flowers in May."

The three men were Peter Molloy, his friend Tom, and the car-driver, who had come hither to get a "dhrop o' somethin'" by way of breakfast. The cellar where they sat was in an obscure place, where secrecy, if required, might be found by those who needed it, and the woman who presided in the sanctuary was a priestess worthy of the place. After the bottle had been circulated twice round the company, Tom drew something forward that he had not hitherto brought into notice, and said, "We may as well see what we have got here;" and so saying, he pulled from a corner behind him, where he had thrown it on his entrance, a portmanteau.

"Where did you get that?" said Peter, casting a sharp look upon it.

"I found it among the hay in the car," said Tom.

"Oh, murther!" said Peter, "why, it's the gentleman's portmanteau that he has forgot."

"Well," said Tom, "and why didn't he mind it better?"

"Why," said Peter, "I heerd you yourself tell him you saw it put up first."

"Well, I thought I did," said Tom, making a grimace at the same time to the car-driver, "but I never found out the mistake till we got here, and now there's no help for it."

"Oh, but I can lave it at the coach-office for him," said Peter, "for, I suppose, they know who he is."

"*Arrah!* how would they know who he is?" said Tom, "and, besides, he'll never miss it out o' the power o' luggage he has. Throth he ought to be obliged to us for easing him o' the care of it;" and he proceeded, with great coolness, to cut open the portmanteau with a large clasp knife he drew from his pocket.

"Oh, Tom," said Peter, "by dad, I don't like that at all;" and he endeavoured to prevent the act.

"Who axed you whether you liked it or not?" said the ruffian. "Sure it's not your doin', you fool—What business have you to know anything about it?"

"Oh! but I had the care o' the gentleman's luggage."

"Ay, and good care you took of it, in throth. Oh, you're a bright janius, Pether!" and the villain laughed horribly at the startled Peter, as the portmanteau was ripped asunder and its contents fell on the floor. Peter

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was quite unprepared for such a desperate act as this, though he had no reason, of late, to believe Tom to be overgood, and began to wish he had attended in this, as in all former instances, to his mother's advice. He said he would not have anything to do with such a transaction, and left the cellar, followed by the laughter and curses of Tom and the carman, who was an acquaintance of his, to whom he had introduced Peter; and the two names that Peter heard himself last called, as he gained the top of the cellar steps, were "fool" and "coward."

"I am a fool, indeed," said Peter, as he quitted the lane, "but I'm no coward, as I'll prove to them, nor worse than a coward—and that's an informer. I won't turn informer, anyhow. Maybe it won't be found out, or maybe it will, but at all events, not through me; but from this blessed hour, though I won't betray him, I'll have no more to do with that bad fellow, Tom. Oh! mother dear, mother dear, you were right, as you always were, in the advice you gave me. I have been supping with the Devil, indeed, and not with a long spoon, I'm afraid; but long or short I'll not sup with him again. I'm done with Tom from this out."

In this resolution Peter persevered: but, alas! the resolution came too late. Biddy still continued her acquaintance with Tom, and from him she obtained, as presents, some of the plunder of the portmanteau. The loss of this article was of too much importance to its owner to be left unheeded. The police were informed of the rob-

bery, and put on the search, and the articles given to Biddy were found in Peter's room, and identified as some of the missing property.

I shall not attempt to describe the affecting scene that took place when the unfortunate mother saw her son taken away by the police, to be lodged in jail. "Little did I think," said the bereaved woman, "when I had you at my breast, that I was only rearing you to disgrace and ruin. Oh! Peter, Peter, why didn't you mind the words of the mother that loved you and watched over you from your cradle? You tell me that you are innocent of all this wickedness, and I believe you are, my poor misguided boy; but oh, Peter! why didn't you mind the cautions I gave you? Often and often I told you what the end of it would be, and you see, Peter *alanna*, that

'Long threatening comes at last'."

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No. VI

THE PRISON

PETER was conducted, at once, by the police to one of the divisional offices, and the circumstantial evidence was so clear against him that he was committed to Newgate.

Poor Peter shuddered when he heard the heavy iron gate clank as it closed behind him, on his entrance to the prison; and as the bolt of the ponderous lock was turned into its socket, the jarring sound smote on the unfortunate prisoner's heart; while the turnkey, with a hardened composure, rendered more striking by the contrast, drew the massive key from the lock and handed Peter over to the proper authority, to be conducted to his place of confinement.

It was well for Peter that his committal to prison occurred just before the opening of the commission, so that he had but a few days to remain in confinement; for it is notoriously true that by intercourse with the prisoners of more experience, and more deeply dyed in crime, a person comparatively innocent on his entrance to a jail often leaves it a finished villain.

This misfortune Peter had not to endure in addition to

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his others, and it was well for one of his easy nature that it was so; for it has been, of course, remarked in the progress of the story, that Peter was rather the victim of others than originally bad himself, and therefore had not strength of character to resist the influence of evil example to be found amongst the inmates of a jail, where, at last, he found himself, by a natural, though somewhat unfortunate course of circumstances, placed. Here, for the few days he was in confinement, he had plenty of time to ruminate over his headlong folly, and its bitter consequences—consequences all arising from one rash step, and that step in direct violation of a parent's advice. Here was enough for reflection and repentance. The neglected words of advice that his mother had spoken in vain, were now continually whispered in his ear by the voice of memory, and, perhaps, an accusing conscience helped to increase their influence upon his mind.

These sayings of his mother became almost the exclusive theme of Peter's sleeping and waking thoughts, producing almost a ludicrous consequence in his manner and conversation, for he could scarcely be got to return an answer except in the words of some proverb his mother had repeated to him, and that he had so faithfully and unfortunately fulfilled the truth of, in his own experience.

His melancholy looks were subject of mirth to the other prisoners, and even the turnkeys sometimes were attracted in the course of their horrible routine of occupation, to notice the peculiarity of his manner and answers.

"By gosh, I b'lieve this chap is married," said one of these Cerberuses to another, noticing Peter's woe-begone countenance.

Peter answered him at once, with an appropriate solemnity of manner: "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure."

Now it happened that this answer of Peter's was particularly appropriate to the person to whom it was made, for the prisoners in the jail were in no less control of the turnkey, than the turnkey was of his wife, who ruled him, not with a key, but a rod of iron; and his brother jailer laughed at him when he heard the application of the proverb that had been made to him.

This incensed the turnkey, who, looking fiercely at Peter, said, "What do you mean by that, you gallows' bird?"

Peter returned the look of fierceness by one on his part of greater sadness than before, and replied, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;" and, with a profound shake of his head, turned his back on the turnkey, and resumed his melancholy pace up and down the jail-yard.

The turnkey did not know what to make of him, and having muttered to himself, "By dad, I think he's mad," went about his business.

But it was in his intercourse with his mother that Peter's present peculiarity of thought and conversation were most apparent, because most frequently excited; for after the first two or three days the inmates of the jail,

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when they had worn out the novelty of a new-comer of eccentric habits, left Peter to himself as a blockhead that had no pluck in him, that is to say, who was not as wicked and reckless as themselves. But Peter's mother contrived to see her son every day; this favour she obtained through his former master, Mr. Finn, whose intimacy with the sheriff enabled the mother to have an order to see her son constantly. What a touching example is here of the eternal laws of nature surmounting every adverse circumstance to the fulfilment of its duties. None of Peter's companions in his hours of mirth, now sought his prison; even his fellow-prisoners who bore him company for two days, only to laugh at him, grew tired, and deserted him on the third. The woman, the worthless woman by whom he had induced all his subsequent sorrows, came not near his cell; but the mother—the lone, the aged mother on whom he had drawn down want and sorrow, came in the hour of her offspring's affliction, to return him good for evil, and watch over him in his prison, as she had done in his cradle. Oh! how can the child ever sufficiently repay, by duty, the matchless and undying love of a mother!

This excellent woman had gone to Mr. Finn on Peter's arrest by the police, and represented to him how his misfortunes had been induced by bad company, at the same time that his own principles had remained uncontaminated—"For oh, sir," said the poor woman, while the bitter tears streamed down her wrinkled face, he

never seen the bad turn in father nor mother, nor never heard the wind of the word that would mislead him; and indeed, poor boy, he has the good resolution yit, tho' vagabones and villians got about him, and has ensnared him into throuble. And it was hard luck to meet with a bad wife, your honour,—and indeed the harder luck it is in poor Ireland, for if we're poor every way else, sure we're rich that way, anyhow, and the poor man has seldom disgrace brought to his home by the wife of his heart. But she is bad, sir,—I must own it,—and it's along o' that and her bad acquaintances that he is come to harm, but innocently himself,—and indeed he has never known the quiet hour since he left your employment, but grieves for the respectable place he lost, through his own foolishness."

Much more said the poor woman, and, by touching those natural springs which exist in every good heart, she so influenced Mr. Finn in Peter's favour, that he inquired into the case, and finding that Peter was really innocent of any intentional wickedness, and was but the dupe of others, he interested himself in his affairs, and promised to make every effort to save him from final punishment.

It was with such comfortable information that the mother went to the prison on the fourth day; and after some previous admonitory conversation, "Peter *alanna*," said she, "I hope this will be a warning to you, to mind the advice in future of those who know better than you. You know you married against my advice."

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"Yes, mother dear," said Peter. "'Marry in haste and repent at leisure'."

"True for you, honey," said the mother, "and sure you couldn't expect that any one would care half as much about you as I do, who reared you egg and bird."

"'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush'," said Peter.

"True for you, honey, mind that, *acushla*, for the future, and I'll come to you again to-night, and bring you a taste of something comfortable for supper."

"'When you sup with the Divil have a long spoon'," said Peter.

"What do you mane, Peter dear, by that?" said the mother. "Sure an it's not comparin' me to the Divil you'd be? God bless us, Peter, nor sure it's not threatenin' me you'd be with the Divil?"

"'Long threatening comes at last'," said Peter, very wisely.

"Oh, God help him!" said the mother, internally, "it's thinkin' of my owld sayin's he is, the craythur.—Well, good-bye, Peter dear—good-bye till I see you in the evenin'."

I shall now hasten the tale to a conclusion. Mr. Finn was enabled, when Peter was brought to trial, to produce such evidence as to exculpate him from the charge of robbery, and convict Tom of the fact. The carman, who has been introduced in the preceding sketch, was evidence against him, so that Tom, who swore against his com-

panions some short time before, was himself convicted by a similar act of treachery of his accomplice. Such will ever be the case. The guilty can never trust one another.

I'm sure my readers will be glad to hear that Biddy, the remote cause of all poor Peter's misfortunes, was transported, as well as her friend Tom; and so her injured husband got rid of her. Peter was once more taken into Mr. Finn's employment, but not reinstated in his former high situation of trust.

"That situation," said Mr. Finn, "is now possessed by a man who has won it by his good conduct, and deserves to hold it."

"Sir," said Peter, "I'd be very sorry to go between any man and his place, and sure it's bound to pray for you I am, that is good enough to take me back at all."

"Peter," said Mr. Finn, "you must begin in a low situation in my employment again. You have lost that character for I which valued you, and you must make another before I can restore you to my confidence. Above all things avoid bad company. I tell you, frankly, the first dislike I ever conceived against you, was seeing you walking with a light-looking woman."

"Oh! well, sir," said Peter, "she's gone, and God forgive her, you'll never see her again."

"No, Peter, but there are plenty of bad companions to be had every day in the year, and, believe me, whenever I see you in company with such I will instantly discharge you."

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This caution, in addition to Peter's own sad experience, made him guarded ever after, during a long life, of entering into intimacy with any one that he did not know well; and his mother, as usual, backed up his good resolution with as good an old saying:—"And sure enough Mr. Finn is right," said she, "for it was said before he, or his father, or his grandfather before him, was born—

'Shew me your company and I'll tell you what you are'."

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No. VII

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No. VII

AN OCULAR DEMONSTRATION

How easily one may know a "country cousin" in Sackville or Grafton Street—his hat on three hairs—a flashy-coloured pair of trousers—an awfully dazzling waistcoat, fastened only by the two lower buttons, to afford room for the display of a yard and a half of frill, and a brooch the size of a paving-stone; his *new* blue coat still shews the glossy mark of the goose on the seams, the gilt buttons thereof dazzle the eyes of the beholders, and "Day and Martin's," or "Warren's Jet," has been applied by the functionary at Home's hotel, where he stopped the night before, to cover the rustic brown of his thick-soled boot, which bears him, creakingly, over the metropolitan flags.

Very much such a figure was Philip Doolin, the eldest son of a respectable farmer from the County Meath, when he made his first appearance in Dublin. Mr. Philip Doolin, or, as he was called in the county, "Masther Phil," had come to town to transact some business for his father, through whose indulgence he was permitted to appropriate a few pounds of some money he was to

receive, to enjoy himself for some days in Dublin; and Phil calculated on going home a very superior person for his travels.

In one part of his dress "Masther Phil" was not the prototype of the pattern I have given. Instead of trousers, a pair of white corduroys reached his knees, and top-boots with *spurs* of no contemptible size finished his attire. Thus accoutred he sallied forth, and in the course of his walk through the city he perceived that a great many young gentlemen carried canes, and as he wished to look as "knowing" as possible, he entered the first shop he saw, where such articles were sold, and asked to be supplied with one. He was shewn several of a costly nature.

"This is a very handsome one, indeed, sir," said the shopkeeper, "it is only two guineas."

"*Only* two guineas!" cried Phil in amazement. "Is it two guineas for a cane?"

"Very cheap, sir, I assure you,—mounted in gold, sir—very elegant article!"

"Have you nothing more reasonable?" said Phil.

"Here, sir, is one very handsome—very nice cane, sir—Cairn Gorm top—quite the fashion. Plain canes quite gone out, sir."

Phil wished that he had gone out too, before he had been enmeshed by a leech of a shopkeeper, who, seeing his customer was not up to the tricks of town, took advantage of him; and Phil, at last, ashamed to leave without buying something, gave a guinea for a slight

black cane with some fanciful top, which he was assured was the most fashionable thing possible.

Phil left the shop rather discontented, and cast a very sheepish look every now and then at his cane, and thought of his guinea with regret. "And faix," said he to himself, "I might as well have only a plain switch in my hand, for this fashionable top it has is hid in my fist."

Just then a dandy passed him by, drawing on a kid glove, and his cane held under his arm. "Ho! ho!" said Phil again, "I see that's the way to carry a cane when you want the head of it to be seen." So he put his under his arm and proceeded.

He stopped in much admiration opposite the Bank, which he now saw for the first time.

"What place is that?" said he to a newsman who stood near him. The newsman, who twigged the bumpkin, said,

"That's the great rag-shop, sir."

"A ragshop!" said Phil, in amazement.

"Ay, in throth,—faix I'd rather have some of their rags than my own tatthers. 'Twas the Parliament House in the good ould times.—Augh! God be wid long ago!"

Master Phil now turned round to look at the College, but in the act of turning, his cane, which he most scrupulously kept under his arm, poked an old woman in the face and nearly put out her eye.

"Bad cess to you and your stick!" shouted the old vixen. "Is it nothin' else you have to do than put out

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people's eyes? I wish your mother kept you at home in the bog where you come from!"

Phil saw he was known for a stranger, and was much astonished. "I did not intend it, my good woman."

"It's a pity you didn't to be sure," said she.—"Good woman, indeed! You're a mighty fine gentleman, to be sure, wid your cane—but your nurse oughtn't to let you carry one till you know how to howld it." The old beldame continued pouring out abuse; and a crowd was rapidly gathering to see the fun, when Phil thought he had better bribe her to silence, so he slipped half a crown into her hand with "I'm very sorry, my poor woman," and a very sheepish look.

The touch of the coin acted like magic. The imprecations of the hag were converted into blessings, and Phil was now beplastered with praise almost as annoying as the abuse, for she followed him shouting:

"It's you that's the rale gintleman, and who dare say agin it—angels make your bed!—long life to your honour—I'm sure it's not a gintleman, but a lord you are!"

He was obliged to quicken his pace to escape her, and he said to himself, as he turned into Westmoreland-street, "Now how could that old woman know I was not used to carry a cane? How sharp these town people are!"

In Westmoreland-street a worse accident befel him—for he poked his cane through a pane of glass in a shop-window. A man ran from the shop.

"'Twas I that did it," said Phil. "I beg your pardon, sir—'twas all an accident."

"I'll trouble you, sir, for two pounds," said the man, without taking any notice of Phil's apology.

"For what?" said Phil.

"The pane of glass you broke, sir."

Phil stared.

"Two pounds, sir, if you please," repeated the shopman.

"Is it for a pane of glass?—why, a pane of glass in Kinnegad costs only two shillings!"

"It is plate-glass you have broken," said the shopman.

Phil cast a melancholy stare at the shattered pane, and finding remonstrance useless, put his hand in his pocket and took out the money, at which he gave a more melancholy look. The shopman took it out of his open hand with great alertness, and with a brief "Thank you, sir," left Phil staring alternately at the broken pane and his walking-cane.

"Faith, it's a dear stick you are to me," said Phil, as he walked on towards Carlisle-bridge.

Here he saw a crowd assembled, looking through the ballustrades of the bridge. "What's the matter?" said Phil to a by-stander.

"Why, then, didn't you hear of it?" said the fellow, by whom Phil was, again, known for a flat.

"No," said Phil, in great simplicity.

"Sure it's the wondherful wager was laid by the Kildare Club, on a race between a pig and a salmon."

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"A pig and a salmon!" said Phil in wonder.

"Oh! it's thruth I'm tellin' you," said the fellow, winking to a companion who was enjoying the quiz.

"And which is expected to win, sir," returned the comrade, to help the joke.

"Oh, indeed the salmon tuck the lade at first, but the tide is goin' out, and if the pig doesn't cut his throat before low water, of course he will have the advantage when he comes to the mud."

Phil endeavoured to poke his head through the ballustrades to see this wonderful race, but could not get a view, and while so engaged he was accosted by a carman, thus—

"Do you want a car, sir?"

"No," said Phil.

The carman waited a minute or two, and repeated the question. He was once more answered in the negative.

"Do you want a car, sir," again said the driver.

"I told you often enough before I did not," answered Phil somewhat angrily.

"So your honour doesn't want a car?"

"No!" said Phil, like thunder.

"Maybe then," said the carman, casting a knowing look at Phil's boots and spurs, and twisting the lash of his whip between his fingers,— "maybe your honour wants a horse?"

"Well, what's that to you," returned the country hero, who began to feel annoyed.

"Oh, nothin', sir," said the impudent rascal, with a grin enough to provoke a philosopher. "Only I thought it was a pity such iligant boots and spurs should have a holiday." And he turned on his heel, and left Phil in wonder at his assurance.

While Phil was staring after the carman, a little street vagabond picked his handkerchief from his pocket, and before he had recovered from his surprise, he was tapped on the shoulder by a celebrated wag, who said, "Sir, that fellow gone over the bridge has picked your pocket," and he pointed after the delinquent. Phil instinctively applied his hand hastily to his pocket, and perceived his handkerchief was gone. He ran after the depredator that had been pointed out to him, and struck him with his dandy stick so smartly that he broke at once his own cane and the assaulted man's temper, for, turning fiercely round, the person exclaimed, "Who are you, you ruffian! who dare to strike me?"

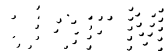
"Oh, you pretend not to know me now," said Phil.

"I'll take care I will know you, you ruffian! and if you are worthy of a gentleman's notice I'll chastise your insolence. Give me your card, sir!"

"Give me my pocket-handkerchief," said Phil.

"What do you mean, you scoundrel?" said Major —, for it was that celebrated fire-eater whom the wag pointed out to Phil as the man who had picked his pocket.

"I mean you picked my pocket," said Phil, "as fine a



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gentleman as you are—oh, I'm up to your Dublin tricks, as grand as you're dressed."

"You are too contemptible, you clod," said the Major, "for gentlemanly vengeance, but I'll give you a lesson you won't forget in a hurry;" and so saying, he collared Phil, who, after some resistance, was obliged to submit to go to a police office, where the Major made a heavy charge of assault against him.

Phil was called upon for bail, and was not able to procure any, being an utter stranger in town; and it being after the magistrates' sitting hour, he was obliged to remain until the following morning in custody of the police. In this dilemma he had to pay handsomely to the underlings in office, to be allowed any trifling comforts capable of being procured in his state of durance, and Phil thought the afternoon and night he was in captivity would never pass.

The next morning his case did not come on soon either, for the Major was no "starter," and did not hurry himself in going to the office. All this time "Masther Phil" had not had the comfort of a change of clothes, and had been obliged to sit up all night in the lock-up house, and he looked no very prepossessing person, when called before the magistrates. The Major's charge was substantiated, and Phil endeavoured to explain how the mistake occurred.

"Under these circumstances then, Major," said the magistrate, "I suppose you will not prosecute?"

W. J. L.

"No," said the Major, "but I think this young spark ought to get a lesson to regulate the use of his cane for the future."

"Certainly," said the magistrate.

"Bad luck to it for a cane," said Phil in his own mind, "'tis trouble enough it has brought me into."

"Now, sir," said the Major, "I will not prosecute you, on one condition, if you abide by that."

"I can't abide prosecution at all," said Phil, "if that's what you mane."

"I won't prosecute you, sir, if you consider my condition reasonable."

"I know I consider my condition very unreasonable," said Phil, "to be kept here for a day and a night, without laying my side to a bed."

"You committed a breach of the peace, young man," said the magistrate.

"'Twas in a mistake," said Phil,— "I took him for a pickpocket."

The magistrates and the attendants in the office could not help laughing, while the Major adjusted his stock, and ran his fingers through his whiskers as if he did not hear the observation. When the titter subsided, he said, "Young man, do you know such a place as the Mendicity?"

"Oh! murther!" said Phil. "Sure you're not going to send me to the Mendicity—there's no law in the land for *that*, anyhow."

"Silence, Sir!" said the magistrate.

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"I mean to say," said the Major, addressing the bench, "that if you approve of it, I shall be willing to withdraw my charge, and relinquish the prosecution, if the prisoner pays ten pounds to the Mendicity Institution."

"Very kind of you, Major," said the magistrate.

"Very kind," said Phil, "to pay ten pounds for slapping a man with a switch,—by dad, I'd let him thrash me for half a day, with a bigger one, for half the money."

"We cannot lose time, Sir," said the magistrate. "Either pay the money or enter into securities to abide the prosecution."

There was no use in debating. Phil had not ten pounds, however, so after some "knuckling down," he was let off for five pounds, and an acknowledgment to the Major for his great forbearance.

Phil's purse was so lessened by this time, that, on going back to his hotel, he was obliged to call for his bill, which he had barely money enough to discharge, excepting a few shillings to pay his passage in the canal boat back to the country. So poor Phil saw very little of the city, which he ever afterwards abhorred the very name of, and often protested it was the greatest den of abuse, extortion, gambling, pocket-picking, lying, browbeating, false imprisonment and mulcting that ever any unfortunate rustic set his foot in.

"I don't believe it, Phil," said his father; "but you're a fool, Phil, and a fool comes badly off anywhere. Now, what business had you, according to your own account,"

(for Phil had told a very pitiful story on his return,) "what business had you, I say, with a fanciful stick, like a grandee? Now, all your misfortunes were owing to that first foolish thing you did.—Here, Matty! bring me the pen and ink—there's nothing like Voster¹² and the figures for making things plain. I'll make out a bill for you, and a mighty divartin' account it will be—let me see,—

"First, there's a new fangled cane, £1 1s. 0d.
(God forgive you throwing away your money!)

"Half a crown to an ould woman you blinded, (I dare say she took the worth of it out o' you in abuse, and sorra mend you.) 0 2 6

"Then there's the pane of glass you broke 2 0 0
(I'd glaze my whole house for the money.)

"And the Major's plaster to cure his honour, 5 0 0
(Plaster indeed!—by dad, 'twas a blister to you.)

"Let me see—that comes to 8 3 6

"Oh! I forgot the money screwed out o' you in the watch-house,—"

"'Twasn't a watch-house, father," said Phil in dudgeon, "'twas called a police-station."

"Well let it be a station—a station¹³ sure enough—you performed penance there, any how.

"Well—the station 0 12 6

"That makes £8 16 0

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“Eight Pounds Sixteen Shillings! and all in one day.—
Oh! murther, murther, and on a account of a dirty cane—
'twasn't a sugar cane to you, Phil, anyhow. Oh! murther—
Eight Pound Sixteen, an' all for a stick. 'Twas the dearest
bit o' timber in the memory o' man, barrin' the owld
ancient tree o' knowledge. Well, Phil, all I can say to
you afther your thravels is, that

‘A fool and his money are soon parted’.”

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No. VIII

KNOCKED UP AND KNOCKED DOWN.

THERE is scarcely anybody free from some peculiarity of habit, either of mind or body, that often renders them ridiculous, and, it may be, sometimes disagreeable.

The latter, fortunately, is not so often the case as the former, and even that we ought to endeavour to correct, if we wish to avoid becoming the jest of our friends. Many a trivial peculiarity of this sort, from being indulged in from childhood, has become so firmly rooted as to defy correction at a later period; and when any such is remarked in young people, it becomes no immaterial duty on the part of parents, or those in charge of them, to correct it. How general a tendency there is in children to protrude the tongue when they are using a pair of scissors, and make it as well as the scissors cut very extraordinary figures indeed; this ought to be corrected when observed, for the indulgence in any one such peculiarity may lead to the contraction of worse. I knew a lady who, though agreeable enough in other ways, made herself excessively ridiculous by a habit she indulged in to excess, of shutting her eyes when she spoke to any one, and it was rendered

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still more comical by her saying at the same time—"I see, I see."

A gentleman told her one day that he had just witnessed, in passing through the next street, a trial of skill between a kicking horse and a carter, and that the stubbornness of the garron was an over-match for the whip of the driver.

"Oh dear me!" said the lady, "I can't bear to see an animal beaten;" and she kept her eyes shut, as if in support of her attestation to her own tenderness of heart.

"I don't think you are likely," said the gentleman, scarcely suppressing a smile. "But the horse, madam, was so ungovernable."

"Oh! I see, I see," said the lady, and she shut her eyes closer than before.

I happened to know a very affected gentleman once, who had a similar habit, with this difference, that he always was candid enough to say, "I can't see." He was a person much inclined to doubting what most people had not the least doubt about, and in proportion to the universal belief of everybody else, his doubts increased. He was very fond of hearing himself expatiate at length on such matters, and one day, elevating his brows and shutting his eyes, he began with :

"Well, I confess I cannot see what a great many philosophers have asserted to exist, that——"

"It would be exceedingly hard for you, sir," said a very blunt person who was present, "while you keep

your eyes shut." This put an end to his doubts for that time.

I was assured that on one occasion he indulged in the manner described for such a length of time, that the person to whom he addressed himself, stole softly out of the room without the blind gentleman perceiving his retreat.

I could give many other comical examples of such sorts of habit; and who is there that could not remember many instances in point? But there is one example of a ridiculous consequence attendant upon such a personal peculiarity that fell under my notice, that induced me to touch upon this subject thus slightly, for the purpose of presenting to readers something that afforded me much amusement, and which, I hope, may conduce to theirs.

There was a certain Mr. Carr, who was a particularly conceited person, and fondly imagined that there were very few ladies who had the felicity to see him, who were not in love with him. This gentleman wore the stiffest stock about town, put on his hat in the most knowing manner, had one arm employed in carrying a cane, and the other in being placed a-kimbo, and walked very much as if he were picking his steps amongst china, or as the saying is, as if he were "treading on eggs". His friends, (and none are so likely to make ill-natured remarks upon people as their friends)—his friends, from the very elastic tread that distinguished him, (for he seemed as if he were hung upon springs,) called him jaunting CARR; and others, in consequence of his stiff

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collar forcing him to wriggle his neck about in an extraordinary manner, giving him the appearance of nodding in whatever direction he looked, protested that "Jaunting Carr" was not so appropriate a name for him as "Noddy."

Mr. Carr, *alias* Jaunting Carr, *alias* Noddy was very near getting into a serious quarrel one day by giving one of the superfine jerks of his empty head, as he passed along a crowded street; for it happened that a more rash than wise cavalier was escorting a lady at the moment that Mr. Carr came into contact with them, and poked out his chin so much like a salutation to the lady, that her fiery escort thought it a piece of impertinence on the part of Mr. Carr, and it was only a very ample explanation that saved him from giving the gentleman satisfaction—that is to say, shooting him the next morning.

But the ridiculous consequence to which I have previously alluded arose from Mr. Carr having strutted one day into an auction-mart where horses were put up for sale, and, from his continual nodding, he was mistaken by the auctioneer for a bidder.

The persons attending the auction, also, in consequence of his giving a nod for every horse that was produced, considered him a "puffer," and at last an opportunity offered for punishing him in their own way, for such conduct.

After several good animals had been disposed of, a very wretched hack was produced—a most melancholy specimen of horse-flesh—an over-worked jade, without a leg to stand on, and blind into the bargain. The auctioneer

commenced,—“What will you allow me to say, gentlemen, for this horse?—Well, give me a bidding yourselves—say any thing you like for him.”

“Faix, we can’t say much for him,” said a horse-dealer who was present, and sometimes did the facetious, hitting off a “good thing” while he struck a bargain, and indifferently cracking either his joke or his whip.

“What shall I put him up for?” said the auctioneer.

“He had better put him up for the crows,” said the dealer, in an undertone to the bystanders, “for I think they always bid fair for such as him.”

“Well, gentlemen!” reiterated the auctioneer, “what will you allow me to say?—Any thing to begin.—Five pounds,—four pounds,—three pounds,—two pounds.—Dear me! Two pounds and no bidding! I never saw horses going so badly.”

“Faix, an’ he’s not able to go at all,” said the dealer.

“Two pounds and no bidding!!!—Well, gentlemen, any thing to begin;—one pound!”

Mr. Carr here gave a fanciful jerk to his head.

“Thank you, Sir!” said the auctioneer.—“One pound is bid—one pound one—two—three—four—one pound four—going for one pound four—five—six—seven—one pound eight—one pound nine—ten.”

Here a dairy-man came to the rescue—he wanted an old hack to use in a cart for drawing grains to his cows, and he was met in the market by a skinner who wanted a horse to hang his skins on—indeed, the horse’s

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own skin was hanging on him, which, perhaps, gave the idea of a purchase to the skinner. Between these two candidates the price rose to two pounds fifteen, and a nod from Mr. Carr got him up to three pounds.

It was now that some of the knowing ones, the facetious horse-dealer among the rest, thought it a good opportunity for putting the "puffer" in for a bargain, and they began to bid against Mr. Carr, raising five shillings or so, at a time, and taking care never to give the auctioneer an opportunity of knocking down the lot to them, for whenever he was about to let his hammer fall, another increase of bidding was made, until the nodding worthy relieved them from their responsibility, and, at last, they managed matters so well, and Mr. Carr's nods were put in so opportunely, that the horse was knocked down to him at ten pounds.

He was applied to, on the spot, for the money.

"For what?" said Mr. Carr, nodding at the same time.

"For the horse you bought, sir," was the answer.

"I bought no horse," replied Mr. Carr in wonder.

"Faix, he's hardly a horse sure enough," said the mischievous wag of a dealer who was one of many who crowded around to enjoy the joke.

"Oh, sir, excuse me, you are the purchaser of the last lot," said the auctioneer.

"Ay, in throth; and I think you'll have a dead bargain of him in about a week," said the dealer.

"I insist upon it, I never bid for the horse," said

Carr, beginning to be annoyed at the circumstance.

"I appeal to the gentlemen here, sir," said the auctioneer, "they all saw you bidding as well as me."

"Thru for you, faith," said the waggish dealer, "and I never seen bowlder biddin' in my life; and, faix, it's a rale sportin' horse the same horse is, for he's fit for the hounds, and nothin' else."

"Why, sir," said Mr. Carr, very indignant, "do you think I would buy such a horse?"

"I declare, sir, I don't wish to pry into any gentleman's intentions. All I know is, that you bid for the horse."

"Why, sir," said Carr, "he can't stand."

"He was the more in need of your support, sir," said the dealer.

"Look at his legs, sir," said the indignant buyer—"he's all puffed."

"Throth you may say that," said the little dealer—"he's puffed sure enough."

"All I know is that you bought him, sir," said the auctioneer, "and I'll thank you for a deposit."

"I'll not submit to it," said Carr, with a fierce nod. "I never bid for the horse. What would I want with such a horse? Why, he's blind as well as lame."

"An' well for the poor craythur he is," said the droll dealer, "for if he could see he'd be ashamed of himself!"

"Every one gives it against you, sir," said the auctioneer. "You certainly bid for the horse, and I must be paid. I am answerable for the money."

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The end of it was, Mr. Carr, with a great deal of grumbling and wry faces, was obliged to pay for the horse that so many were willing to bear witness he had bid for. "But, by all that's sacred," said he, "I never opened my mouth to bid for the horse—I never said a word during the auction."

"No, sir," said the auctioneer, "but you nodded to me, and every one knows that when a gentleman nods at the auctioneer it is universally understood to imply a bidding."

"To be sure it is," said the horse-dealer, laughing, "and besides, sir," added he, grinning at the disconsolate purchaser, "you know there's a good owld saying that

'A nod is as good as a wink for a blind horse'."

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No. IX

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No. IX

THE RIVALS

THERE is no profession so high, nor occupation so low as to be above or beneath that species of jealousy which is invariably observed to exist between persons of the same pursuit—nor is this feeling confined to profession. The studier of fashion, the virtuoso, the *belle* and the retailer of anecdote, are equally jealous of each other's superiority in their respective spheres.

I have heard a dandy exult in the "horrid tie" that some other exquisite was guilty of in putting on his cravat, (when such things were worn) at the same time passing his hand in evident self-complacency over his own; and I have scarcely ever heard one acknowledged "beauty" praised in presence of another that some remark was not made insinuating a detraction from her charms, such as, "What a pity her hair was not a little darker," or, "If she was not quite in such rude health, though, to be sure, some people admire that very high colour." Who has not seen when the hours wax late in a ball-room, that in despite of hair-pins, *et cetera*, curls will fall, and tresses that lately rivalled the tendrils of

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the vine of their crisp involutions, assume a snaky character, without rendering the wearer a Medusa? Who has not seen at such a time, the envious glances cast at the least damaged head in the room, and heard a remark at the same time perhaps, that "it was a wonder Miss — made such a fright of herself wearing blue."

As for poets it has been said—

"What poet ever liked his brother—
Wits are game-cocks to each other."

Painters are prone to look at the *shadowy* side of the qualifications of their brother artists, and musicians are still more jealous. *A propos* to musicians, a lady once asked Mr. — what he thought of a certain singer. "Does he not sing very well?" said the lady, putting the question direct at once, which had been so long evaded.

"Ahem!—oh! yes indeed—very well, certainly. I've heard many object to his style, but for my own part I must own that I—that is—ahem—"

Seeing that this was not quite his opinion she next said, "Why, you'll own, I'm sure, he sings very high?"

"Very high indeed!"

"Well, and he sings very *low*, too."

"Very low, indeed!—oh, he certainly does—he sings very high—and very low—and very middling."

But it is not alone in the arts that this illiberal feeling exists. I remember once a gentleman praising a boy who had been first in his employment as a helper in his stables, for his usefulness in many household employments, to which his assiduity had advanced him, and these praises were addressed to a superior in-door servant who did not much admire the way to which the boy was creeping into favour. "That boy, James, is beginning to be useful in the house. He cleans the knives very carefully indeed, now," said the master.

It so happened this servant piqued himself on his power of knife-cleaning, and he answered, "Ah! sir, sure he sharpens all the backs."

There is a well-known anecdote of an Irish hod-man, that, as it serves to illustrate my proverb, I hope I will be pardoned for repeating. Two hod-men, while serving bricklayers who were finishing a very high building, had disputed for some time as to the superiority of each others powers, and, at last, the point at issue was to be decided by trying which could carry the other, in his hod, highest up the ladder that was reared against the building.

"In with you there," said Paddy to his English rival—"Into the hod with you—and the ugliest hod-full it'll be ever I carried."

The labourer seated himself in the hod and Pat carried him safely to the very summit of the building.

"Fellow me that in John's-lane," said he triumphantly,

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and they descended the ladder again, that the Englishman should endeavour to do the same. He accomplished the feat as well as the Irishman, but as Paddy put his foot on the topmost scaffolding from the hod of his rival, he said—

“By gor, you done it, sure enough, but I was in hopes you wor bet (beaten) when your fut slipped nigh-hand the top.” Here was rivalry carried to extraordinary extent indeed, when loss of life was overlooked in the desire of superiority.

But I have a better example, still lower in the scale. What do you think of the professional emulation of a scavenger?

Tom and Bill were sweeping the streets together, and having a heavy job on hand, Tom said—

“I say, Bill, I wish we had Jim here.”

“For what?” said Bill.

“Why, because he’s a good hand,” said Tom.

“I don’t think he’s any such great things,” said Bill, giving a most contemptuous twitch of his broom at the same time.

“Not Jim!” said Tom in surprise, and he paused and leaned on his shovel in wonder.

“No, not Jim!” said Bill, confronting him, and leaning on his broom with equal dignity.

“Why,” said Tom, “I never saw a chap could sweep a street faster nor cleaner than Jim, since I have been at the profession.”

"Oh yes!" said Bill, "to be sure—he's well enough at a rough job, but he is nothing at all at fancy work. I'd like to see what hand he'd make of sweeping round a lamp-post," and Bill gave a knowing twirl of his broom as he spoke, a beautiful evidence that

"Two of a trade can never agree."

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No. X

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATIONAL PROVERBS

No. X

WOUNDED IN SPIRIT

SOME men are possessed with a spirit of underrating every thing that others do, or possess. There is no more unamiable quality of mind, nor one more calculated to make a man disliked by his fellows. In some instances it gives rise to his acquaintances seeking means of procuring him annoyance by making other men's successes or perfections their themes of conversation whenever they address him, and in others, it affords ample scope for merrymaking to the mirthful, by piquing this jealous propensity in some ridiculous way, so as to make the man the butt of his own weakness—by the way, the severest, and at the same time the most poetical justice. This propensity is to be found not only in individuals, but in whole nations; and there is no country more possessed of such a spirit than the English. The Englishman most religiously believes England to be the very pearl of the earth, and every thing English to be the very best thing in the world: not content with having his country distinguished for excellence in many particulars, John Bull is not content unless the palm be conceded to him for

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excellence in all. This weakness of Johnny's is very much laughed at on the Continent of Europe, and many a joke on this subject is current there at his expense. Indeed the Continent of Europe has been rather an expensive concern to Johnny in more ways than one; but as that does not concern the immediate matter in hand, I will say no more about it.

But before I drop, altogether, the subject of national peculiarity, let me point out a different mode in which Scotch pride exemplifies itself. The Scot does not believe Scotland to be the finest country in the world, but he thinks Scotchmen the cleverest men in the world, and, therefore, Sandy leaves Scotland to make his fortune elsewhere, and wherever he meets another Scotchman he makes brotherhood with him, and takes his part through thick and thin; and so they proceed helping one another to the end of the chapter, and the consequence is, you can scarcely visit any portion of the globe in which you do not meet prosperous Scotchmen.

Let me not be mistaken in making these remarks. I do not make them unkindly, and I hope no one will receive or use them in such a spirit. The spirit is a noble one in both instances, it is only the *abuse* of it that becomes ridiculous or offensive. Love of country is as noble a passion as ever expanded the human heart. A great man, (and to the pride of Scotland be it spoken, a Scotchman) has asked—

"Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own, my native land!"

And the wretch whose heart did not vibrate at the thought is unworthy of the being with which heaven has endowed him.

The love of our countrymen, and a desire for their advancement, is not so romantic a feeling, but a more kindred one, and to the individual more practically useful, and, as I have before premised, if not abused, one to be praised, rather than depreciated.

Now all this time that I am prosing about other people's pride, has not an Irishman a pride of his own too? To be sure he has. But I'm afraid it is not so useful a pride as either the Englishman's or the Scot's. An Irishman will exclaim—"Where's the like o' the Emerald Isle?" and boast of the "Island of Saints;" and remind you how Saint Patrick "dhruv every sarpint and toad and vinimous thing out o' the place," and is proud of being descended from some ancient line of kings, whose posterity have neither kingdom nor crown, nor half-crown, perhaps; and he will swear that an Irishman will fight "any man out, at all," and, indeed, to do Pat justice, it is only fair to say that he'll be as good as his word as often as any chose to try him;—but he has not that English pride of country which rejoices in the soil that gave him birth taking her suitable position amongst the nations

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of the earth, at the present moment, though Pat prides himself on her ancient glory; nor has he that universal feeling of the Scot to advance a countryman's interest merely on the score of compatriotism. Would to God he had both! I hope to see the day when Irishmen shall have entered into such bonds of useful fellowship, and stand by each other for the prosperity of themselves and their native land—But where am I rambling to? I began with the intention of giving a comic instance of an overweening pride in one's own possessions being made the source of ridicule and loss to him who indulges in so weak and unamiable a propensity. Here I am at the end of a column, moralizing—doing the philosopher. Little claim, or none indeed, have I to such title. Whatever trifle of philosophy may be about me is certainly of the laughing order. But I so seldom trespass on philosophic ground that I hope for pardon; and now—to my story.

Mr. Bull was an Englishman who visited Ireland in the capacity of traveller to a London commercial establishment, and thinking he saw an opening for commencing trade on his own account in Dublin, he forthwith settled in this our Hibernian metropolis. But though he considered that Ireland suited his views better than England, he, notwithstanding, never dreamt of giving up one golden dream of British pre-eminence, and Irish inferiority. Imagination—no—not imagination—Englishmen are not much troubled with that Irish poetical and unprofitable commodity—it was not imagination, but the genius of

habit, had settled on his soul like a nightmare, which kept eternally humming to him that good old ditty of "Rule Britannia," which his father and grandfather before him had lived and died in the belief of, and which he, therefore, conceived to be the best belief in the world. To such a man many practices in Ireland were unpleasing. Our potatoes, which he in his economy of language clipped to the cockney standard of "taties," were, for a long time a source of offence to him by being boiled with their jackets on, and it required some time to convince him that the English plan of peeling them, and soaking them in water before boiling, only made them spongy and unwholesome food. Next in excellence, however, to all things in England, was every thing in his house in Ireland. I believe he even went so far as to say that his servant had the greatest brogue in Ireland, but he invariably protested vociferously that decidedly no man in Ireland had such good whiskey as his. How he continued to monopolise all the good whiskey in Ireland he never would explain, but swore stoutly to the fact.

He became a member of a club called "The Queer Fellows," and a very appropriate name it was; for some of the greatest wags in Dublin belonged to it, and no night passed at this club without some capital bit of whim being put in practice, and as for humour, it was the habitual language of the club-room. To such a knot of persons did Mr. Bull attach himself. Ireland, he acknowledged was the land of wit, and he believed himself to

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be the wittiest person in it. The club received him as a member, merely to laugh at him, and many a roar of mirth, which his absurdity often occasioned, he flattered himself were but tributes to his cleverness. One night, at this meeting, he, as usual, began to brag of the excellence of every thing belonging to him, and, on one of the members remarking what excellent whiskey the landlord of the house had supplied them with, Mr. Bull protested it was not good whiskey at all.

"You certainly have a superior judgment in whiskey; I own to that," said one of the club, winking at the same time to the rest of the company, "and I often wonder how an Englishman could get his tongue round the real taste of it so well."

"An Englishman! sir," said Bull; "and why not an Englishman? Sir, I maintain that the taste of an Englishman in all things is equal if not superior to any other man's on the face of the earth."

"In one thing I admit," replied the other, "you Englishmen have a great taste for eating—but as for drinking, I won't give up to you. I can't, Bull. But, considering you are a stranger, you have a large share in that particular, too, but, man alive, you don't set up, I hope, to know good whiskey better than the natives that were fed on it!"

"I do," replied Bull. "I will stake a wager on my superior judgment in whiskey; and I repeat that this whiskey you praise so much is not superior—very fair

though—fair whiskey—but, sir, no more to be compared to my whiskey—”

“Well, now, Johnny, my boy,” said an old hand at humbug, interrupting him, “I’ll show you a way to decide the matter fairly and on the spot. Just send for a bottle of this wonderful whiskey, this *aqua mirabilum* of yours, and we’ll impanel a jury of ‘good men and true,’ to try it.”

“Well said!” cried another of the members. “Our facetious friend Bull, is only hoaxing us, I believe. He’s a deep wag. He merely pretends to have this inimitable whiskey, or I’m sure he would have sent us a specimen of it, of his own accord, long ago.”

“No,” said Bull, “it is no hoax. I am a wag, to be sure, I don’t deny it; but ’pon my life it’s no hoax. I have the whiskey, but as for sending you a bottle of it, I can’t, because sir, as how, I never keeps any whiskey in bottle. I keeps it always in the cask.”

“If it’s so precious it is worthy of a casket instead of a cask.”

“No, no, sir, a cask is better. You’ll excuse me; but a cask is the true thing to keep it in.”

“So it appears, sure enough,” said the senior of the club.—“For, ’pon my conscience, it keeps yours very safe!”

There was a laugh at this rejoinder which Mr. Bull did not perceive the point of, but pursued his discourse, insisting on the efficacy of wood for the better keeping of whiskey, which only increased the laugh at his expense.

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"Oh, you may laugh if you like," says Mr. Bull, "but I assure you I'm right. It is not all whiskey that is worthy of so much care, but I pick my whiskey."

"Why, you told us just now you had it on draught."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, I suppose you draw it off the cask as you want it?"

"Exactly so."

"Well then, you must take it as it comes."

"Certainly."

"And how can it be picked whiskey if you take it as it comes?"

Here was another laugh at poor Johnny's expense, who, though he fancied himself a wit, could not perceive any of the equivocal that was going forward against him, and he said, at last—

"I'm sure I don't know what you're all laughing at. I say my whiskey is in the cask, and I have none in bottles or I would give you one with pleasure, if it was only to convince you that there isn't such whiskey in the world."

"Mr. Bull," said the senior, "I'll settle all that difficulty for you in the twinkling of a bed-post. You have the mistress at home, and if you write a note to her, desiring a bottle to be filled with the stuff, we'll send a messenger and a bottle into the bargain."

There was no getting over this proposition, and as Mr. Bull knew that he did not enjoy the reputation of

being the readiest man in the world to part with those good things he was so fond of bragging of, he felt that to hesitate for a moment on this occasion would have been to stamp himself for ever with the character of a niggard, so the note was written, to the effect suggested by his companions, and the waiter despatched with a bottle, and the written authority for its being filled.

The note ran thus;—

“MY DEAR DOLLY,

“Fill the bottle the bearer takes, with my particular whiskey, and be sure you don’t shake the cask. I will be home, my love, very soon.

“Yours till death,

“BENJAMIN BULL.”

Now one of the precious pack by whom he was surrounded, saw what poor Bull had written, and leaving the room unnoticed, he went to the proprietor of the tavern and procured from him a bottle of awful dimension which he knew to be in his possession, and this enormous vessel was sent by the wag as *the* bottle which poor innocent Bull named in his note. This bottle was absolutely a curiosity in its size, something resembling those proudly paraded in an apothecary’s shop, whose red and green rotundities, as they glare through the streets at night, are the delight of little boys, and the plague of weak-eyed old women. Such was the bottle

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sent to Mrs. Bull's house. Such was the bottle filled, with many a sigh and groan over her husband's extravagance, by the parsimonious Mrs. Bull, and such was the bottle that was *not* produced in the club-room. No. The perpetrator of the joke waited the messenger's return, and instead of Bull's *superfine*, he sent upstairs by the hands of the messenger, a bottle of downright bad whiskey, which he had procured in the meantime.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Bull, on the appearance of the messenger and bottle—"Now you shall have a treat," and he uncorked the bottle himself, and gave them a good example by mixing a glass of the precious spirit into a tumbler of punch, which he tasted, and pronounced to be unrivalled. The bottle passed round, tumbler after tumbler was made from it, and as Bull saw the first wry face that was made on tasting the mixture, he exclaimed—"What!—you don't mean to say you don't like it?"

"Not much, indeed," said the person he addressed.

"Why, you never tasted such whiskey before!"

"Faith, I never did, and I hope never will again," was the answer—and similar disapproval of the whiskey was echoed round the table. Poor Mr. Bull, in the meantime, never perceived the trick that had been practised upon him in having another whiskey substituted for his own, and his indignation rose to a great height, when he found that his vaunted whiskey was rejected by every one who tried it, and that he had the remainder of the bottle left all to his own share. This, he, in pure despite, drank the

greater portion of, and, as they say "anger is dry," perhaps his rage assisted him in disposing of some extra tumblers of bad whiskey punch, which sent him reeling home that night, and left him next day in a state of helplessness from burning headache. His "dear Dolly" next day asked her dear Ben, how he could think of sending for such a quantity of whiskey. "No wonder you have a headache indeed, if you and your friends drank all that."

"It was no such great quantity, my dear," said poor Bull, as he lay in bed, while an old Irish nurse bathed his temples with vinegar and water,—“no such great matter if they had helped me, but I had to drink nearly the whole of it myself.”

"Is it three gallons!!!" said Mrs. Bull in terror.

"Three fiddlesticks, woman!" said the husband. "What are you talking of?"

"The whiskey you sent for last night," said the wife.

"I only sent for a bottleful."

"Oh, but such a bottle, Ben!!!"

"Wasn't it a common bottle?"

"Faix, no," said the nurse, who now chimed in, "but it was the most *ancommon* bottle I ever seen. I'd be upon my affidavit that it held somethin' to the tune o' three gallons and a half."

"How could you do such a thing as give away my matchless whiskey in that manner?" roared out poor Bull, whose rage began to help his headache.

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"You ordered me, Ben, my love. You wrote to me to fill the bottle the bearer brought."

"I meant a wine bottle. Who ever dreamt of a bottle of whiskey of three gallons?"

"Faix, that would be the fine dhrame if it kem thrue," said the nurse.

"I couldn't refuse your order, Ben dear."

"I wonder you didn't see there was a trick in it."

"I think *you* should have taken care of that," said the wife.

"Oh, the rogues! the tricking villains!" said the sick wretch, "I see they have hoaxed me."

"Throth, they're up to every schkame in life," said the nurse. "They'd thrick the mother that bore them."

"How could any one foresee the trick! No man is safe with such humbuggers. I thought I was secure in ordering a bottle of whiskey."

"What a take in!" said Mrs. Bull, "to send such a bottle."

"Aye, indeed, ma'am dear," said the nurse, "there was the 'cuteness of the vagabones, for it *was* only a bottle after all."

"But I never meant such a bottle, woman!" said poor Bull, in whom the ardour of indignation overcame the lassitude of sickness, and he rose on his elbow in the bed, and repeated—"I never meant such a bottle, woman!"

"Stay quiet, jew'l, be quiet—you'll disthract your poor head—there now—lie down again—ah, never mind the

dirty schkamers—don't compare with them, at all—sure you're not aigual to the *kimmeens* of sitch compleate desaivers at all, at all."

This wounded Bill's vanity, who thought himself a very smart fellow, and he replied to the nurse with some tartness:

"What do you talk about, woman—they deceived me by a most unfair trick—very unfair—if a man's own order in his own handwriting is not security for himself, I don't know what can be."

"Well, masther dear, you'll know bettther another time—(Shut your eye, dear, or the vinegar 'ill scald it.)—Security, indeed—faix, you must be up airly the day you'd get inside o' sitch chaps as them. You must be more partic'lar for the futhur, for b'lieve me, when you dale with sitch schkamers as them, you must—

'Never bowlt your door with a boiled carrot'."

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No. XI

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No. XI

LIGHT HEARTS AND LIGHT HEELS

THERE is not a people on the face of the earth who possess a more elastic temperament than the Irish: no circumstances, however adverse, can subdue their cheerfulness; no fatigue break it down, and even hunger, which, as the proverb says, “breaks through stone walls,” even that potent agent cannot conquer an Irishman’s habitual hilarity. There is certainly no people in Europe, and perhaps not in the world, so ill provided with the comforts, I might almost say the necessities of life, as the humbler classes of the Irish, and it is a fact they may be proud of, that they do not repine at the want of such bodily enjoyments as their neighbouring countrymen are in the possession of. A peasant to whom I once spoke on the subject answered me in a proverb—

“Sure, sir,” said he, “‘what the eye never sees the heart never grieves for,’—and sure we never see anything from year’s end to year’s end but the praties, and well off we are when we have the buttermilk along with them, and though we know that there’s more cattle and pigs and sheep sent out o’ the country than id feed

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nine times over what's in it; yet as none of us can afford it, why one isn't bettther off than another, and so, as I said afore, 'what the eye never sees the heart never grieves for', and we're used to the hard living."

Scott apostrophises the hardihood of the Irish soldiers, in the midst of the dangers of war, where even the prospect of death cannot impair the mirthfulness of his nature.

Hark! from your stately ranks what laughter rings,
Mingling wild mirth with war, stern minstrelsy;
His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,
And moves to death with military glee.
Boast, Erin, boast them!—"

A friend of mine mentioned to me that in travelling through Scotland, at a period when there was a great scarcity of provisions in that country, he happened to have seated beside him, as fellow-passenger, outside a stage-coach, an Irishman who seemed to be a dependant on one of the inside passengers, and this Irishman seemed very much surprised at seeing large posting-bills stuck upon every prominent wall, pier and gable, stating the dreadful hardships the lower orders were suffering, and appealing to the humanity of the public for their relief. The coach-offices and turnpike gates were studded with these appeals to the charitable, in hopes of inducing travellers to contribute, and at one of these places, the

Irishman I have mentioned had time to read over the contents of this petition. It stated, amongst other grievances, that such was the *uncommon* distress of the poor, that they were absolutely reduced, in some instances, to *two meals a day!*

“*Two males a day!*” said the Irishman aloud, “faith, an’ myself often seen them in Ireland with only *one* male a day, and they never put it in prent as a curiosity. Two males a day—faix, an’ it’s many a streppin’ fellow is working on that same in poor Ireland. *Arrah*, then, sir, do you see that?” said he, turning to my friend, “throth, then, it’s long till they’d put sitch a postscript at the beginning of a famine in Ireland: but it’s a folly to talk of comparin’ with us at all—augh! sure *there is none of them can stand the starvation with us!*”

What a melancholy ground of national triumph!

Some few days after I saw a group of Irish labourers near Kingstown; they had evidently travelled a long way, and were sitting down on a bank near the harbour to rest themselves, while awaiting the time for the sailing of the Liverpool steam-boat, for they were all going to England to look for work at the ensuing harvest, as the reaping-hook slung over the shoulder declared. I entered into conversation with one of these men and asked him if he had been in England before. He told me he had, I asked him if he liked being there.

“Why, thin, indeed, your honour, I’m not covityous of goin’ there at all, only in that regard of makin’ the

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rint, and keepin' the house over the heads of the wife and childer."

"Then you do make the rent?" said I.

"Oh, yis, sir," said he, "they give fine wages when the crop is heavy, and the saison onsartin, and maybe a scarcity of hands at the same time—and they know we'll slave a power to rise the money."

"Then why should you not like to go then?" said I.

"Oh, sir, sure they despise us, an' look down on us, for lavin' our own country, and sure how can we help that, when them that ought to stay at home with us, and give us work and purtection, goes away from us, and laves us to the marcy of the wide world."

"But if you tell the English people that, they won't despise, but rather pity you."

"Pity is a could word, sir, and it's not behoulden I'd be to any man's pity; moreover, far less a sthranger's—and that same a proud sthranger."

"But the English have cause to be proud," said I.

"Sure, and that's thrue indeed, sir; but they might take pride out o' themselves without hurtin' another man's feelings; and, indeed, sometimes my blood rises when they go on with their consait, and throw our poverty in our teeth."

"And are they in the habit of doing that?"

"Throth and they are, but I never let it go wid them without giving them a word or two in exchange, and more, maybe, if they're saucy." And he gripped his stick tight as he spoke, and gave it a knowing jerk.

"One thing, sir, they're mighty consaited about, it is their fine aitin' and dhrinking; and God knows but it's a poor thing for a Christhan to be proud of, for a brute baste is as sinsible of good aitin' as a man, and a man ought to know betther; but as I was sayin', sir, they are consaited about it, and a chap says to me one day that I was working task-work, and just as he was aitin' his dinner in the field, undher the shadow of the hedge, and as I raped up to him, when I kem to the end of the ridge, and, says he, 'Do you know what that is?' holding up a fine big piece of ham forninst me.

"'Isn't it cheese?' says I, pretending not to know, and humbugging the fellow.

"'No, it arn't cheese.'—He said 'arn't,' sir—indeed, they all say 'arn't,' not undherstanding the jography of their own language, which is a far greater disgrace than poverty—'It arn't cheese,' says he, 'but a damn fine piece of 'am,' says he. Think of that, sir—he said 'damn' to the ham: cursin' the mate that was feedin' him.

"'And what's that?' says he, holding up a brave big mug of fine yalla ale.

"'Indeed and I don't know,' says I; 'if it be milk,' says I, 'it's very much tanned with the sun,' says I.

"'It arn't milk,' says he, 'you poor ignorint *cretter*,' says he, (he wanted to say 'craythur,' but they can't say them soft words at all, but chops them all short like a snarlin' dog)—'No, it arn't milk,' says he, 'but damn fine yale'—you must know they say *yale* instead of ale—

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they dunno how to converse at all! And you see he said damn to the dhrink as well as to the mate.

“‘But you hav’n’t no yale in Ireland,’ says he.

“‘No,’ says I, ‘glory be to God, we’ve whisky!’ says I.

“‘And if you hav’n’t ’am, nor yale, nor cheese, what do you feed on?’ says he.

“‘Praties,’ says I.

“‘Is it *tayters*,’ says he.

“‘No, it’s praties,’ says I; ‘don’t call them out of their name and you’ll oblige me.’

“‘And what do you drink?’ says he.

“‘Wather,’ says I, ‘when we’ve no better; but sometimes we relish the praties wid a squib of butthermilk.’

“‘That’s what we feeds our pigs on here,’ said he.

“‘It’s well for the pigs,’ said I.

“‘And you poor cretters,’ says he, ‘hav’n’t you no better than butthermilk to drink to your tayters?’

“‘We think ourselves well off,’ says I, ‘when we get that same.’

“‘I wonder then how you can work at all,’ says he, ‘on such poor vittles.’

“‘Well, you see we can,’ says I.

“‘But you can’t be strong,’ says he, ‘on sitch rubbishy stuff.’—Think of that, sir, to call the fine praties, that God’s word makes grow in the earth for his craythurs, and the fine milk, rubbishy stuff!

“‘O, don’t talk of stuff,’ says I to him; ‘we don’t use them for stuff—we only eat to satisfy wholesome

hunger, but it is you that stuff yourselves at every hand's turn, making your stomach almost like a panthry, crammin' all the mate you can get into it, at all hours.'

"'Aye,' says he, 'and look at the fine stout fellows we be,' says he; 'there be three inches o' fat outside o' my ribs,' said he.

"'Aye, and the same inside of your head,' says I, 'and a power of sinse *outside*. And are you the stronger in arm, or stouter in heart, for all your crammin'?' says I. 'Will you cut as much corn in a day?'

"'I wouldn't make a slave of myself like you,' says he.

"'I am a slave, it's thrue,' says I, 'but if it wasn't God's will that I should be a slave, I would not be, so I'm contint,' says I.

"'But tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'how you can work with nothing to eat but tayters and buttermilk?'

"'Then I'll tell you,' says I, 'whatever we ait, we bless; but you curse what you ait, and so the few praties we have does us more good than all your mate.'

"'We don't curse what we eat,' says he, in a great rage.

"'Oh, but you do,' says I; 'sure you say *damn* to everything—sure it's only a while ago you said it to your ham and to your ale, while if it's only on dhry praties, without even a grain of salt, we say "God bless it", and av coorse He makes it thrive with us.' So you see, sir, I was down on his taw there."

"Well, I hope," said I, "you will always continue in the same humble spirit of contentment, and submit with

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cheerfulness to whatever lot Providence may be pleased to call you."

"Plase God! sir," said the poor fellow, in the truest spirit of Christian resignation.

"But," said I, "however you may have had your temper and forbearance occasionally tried in England, where the comforts of those in the same class of life with yourself are calculated to creat comparisons likely to make you jealous, yet in poor Ireland so many are obliged to submit to the same lot that it makes it easier for you to bend your back to the burden."

"Thrue for you, sir."

"Besides, when you see no others enjoying the comforts of life, a great cause of jealousy is removed, for 'what the eye never sees the heart never grieves for'," said I, thus making use of what I had heard one of his own class say on the subject.

"Indeed, and a good saying that same is, sir."

"But you seem tired," I remarked.

"And no wondher," said the poor fellow; "I have walked betther nor forty miles since early mornin'."

"That's a long march."

"Well, sure I'll sleep soundher on the deck of the staymer."

Just at this moment a blind fiddler made his appearance, groping his way by a blank wall, until he arrived at the porch of a house that stood nearly opposite to where these travelling Irishmen were resting, and having

ascertained that he was in front of a gentleman's house, he began to rasp his fiddle most furiously, in the hope of making himself heard,—but in vain. With a view to conciliate the tastes of “the quality” he endeavoured to scrape acquaintance with some of the most popular modern airs, but finding these unavailing, he dashed out into an Irish jig,—one of those inimitably joyous compositions that might make a man dance at his own wake, as we say in Ireland. The poor wearied fellow who had walked forty miles that day, exhibited strong marks of excitement the moment the fiddle had begun to play, but as soon as the jig commenced he jumped up, ran over to the porch where the blind man was playing, and stepping up softly, immediately behind him, began to dance in true Connaught style to the characteristic music, and as he capered in the rear of the fiddler, he cast a waggish look behind him at his companions, as much as to say, “See all the fine dancing I’m getting for nothing.”

Nothing could be more irresistibly comic than the quiescent unconsciousness of the blind man and the active merriment of Paddy. The example was electric in its effect, for all the reapers got up and began to dance as well as their companion. The blind fiddler never perceived the extensive fraud that was practised upon him, and not having been able to reduce the house he had laid siege to, to a contribution, he decamped.

After having mused in wonder for some time, that any man, of however lively a nature, should dance, from

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choice, after a walk of forty miles, I addressed my dancing acquaintance and said, laughingly, I thought he had taken an unhandsome advantage of the fiddler.

"Not at all, sir," said he, "sure he wasn't playin' for uz at all, but for the 'quality', that often gives him nothing, I'm thinking—and sure, when I seen him standin' over there, with no livin' craythur to hear him, barrin' the door he was playin' forninst, myself thought it was a pity so much good music should be goin' to waste, and bedad, I couldn't keep my heels quite at all."

"But you know there's an old saying that 'those who dance should pay the piper'!"

"Oh! but he's only a fiddler, sir, and, moreover nor that, he's a *blind* fiddler—and sure your honour towld me, not ten minutes ago, that

'What the eye never sees the heart never grieves for'."

THE HAPPY MAN

THE HAPPY MAN

AN EXTRAVAGANZA IN ONE ACT

Dramatis Personæ

RAM RUSTI (the Resolute)	FIRST BEARER
FOXI FUM (the Crafty)	SECOND BEARER
SKI-HI (the Star-gazer)	
PADDY MURPHY	KO-KET (the Man Catcher)
RUN-PHASTER (the Active)	SING SMAHL (the Subdued)

SCENE I.—*Audience Hall of the Rajah Ram*

Rusti.—Music.

*Enter RUN-PHASTER at the head of the attendants of
Foxi-Fum, SKI-HI, FOXI-FUM, and his daughter,
PRINCESS KO-KET.*

KO-K. My father, whence this cloud upon your brow?
Why droops your head?

FOX. Because the weight of empire is upon it. Ram
Rusti has made me his vizier.

KO-K. But why? You are a prince yourself, and
too high for the office of a servant.

FOX. But none is left about the court fit for the office but myself—they are all beheaded. A sudden melancholy on the Rajah seizes; he calls himself most miserable, and swears it is the business of his vizier to make him happy.

KO-K. Pooh! Nonsense!

FOX. Ay; but if the vizier fails, the Rajah knocks off his head! You won't say pooh! nonsense! to that. All share in his vengeance—physicians, cooks, and grand viziers. 'Twas but this morning Fum Foozle lost his head.

KO-K. O, dreadful!

FOX. 'Tis certain some demon has possessed him; and the influence of the stars alone can avert this calamity. The Moonshee, Ski-hi, and I have discovered the cure for the Rajah's malady, if he will only have patience for its accomplishment. We wait his presence here. (*Trumpets.*) He comes! (*Music.*)

Enter the RAJAH RAM RUSTI and his court.

All present make low salaams.

OMNES. Hail! great Ram Rusti!

FOX. May your highness live forever.

RAM. May your tongue be blistered for that wish. Why should I live beneath a load of misery?

FOX. Happy days are yet in store for your sublime highness.

RAM. But why should they be in store, when I want them for present use? See that you procure them

instantly, or the fate of Fum Foozle awaits thee. Is that blockhead dead?

FOX. He died at sunrise.

RAM. May all such blockheads' heads be on the block.

FOX. Sublime mightiness, I and Ski-Hi have consorted the stars, and the stars have spoken.

RAM. Have they spoken plain?

FOX. No; but they "lisped in numbers."

RAM. And what have you gathered from their imperfect sentences?

FOX. Tenses, you mean, your highness.

RAM. Well, tenses.

FOX. The stars speak not in the imperfect, but the future tense.

RAM. Well, future.

FOX. They say your highness wants a shirt.

RAM. They lie! I have a dozen.

FOX. But in that dozen, not the one you want. Thus spake the stars:—

"To cure great Ram Rusti, there is but one plan: It is wearing the shirt of the happiest man."

RAM. And will no happy man lend his master a shirt? There must be some happy man in my dominions.

FOX. (*Aside.*) Not while you are on the throne.

RAM. Speak. Is there no happy man?

FOX. Sublime highness, the man of whom the stars have spoken must not only be happy, but must never have been anything else—always happy.

RAM. Then the stars are humbugs! There is no such thing!

FOX. Be not too hasty, your highness. Let us seek for this happy man.

RAM. I say he exists not on the earth.

FOX. But he may on the sea!

RAM. And am I to wait for time and tide? They wait for no man, and I'll not wait for them; therefore, hear my decree. The happy man must be found within three days, or you die.

FOX. Die!

RAM. Ay! you and the Moonshee.

MOO. My stars!

RAM. Ay! See that your stars do help you. Since your knowledge plucked this wondrous secret from them, let your knowledge find the cure they promise. Produce this happy man within three days, or die.

FOX. O mightiness! (*Kneels.*)

RAM. 'Tis said! Let all rewards be offered. He shall be honoured whose shirt procures my cure; but in three days he must be found, or death be on your heads.

(*Music. Exeunt Ram Rusti and court; Foxi-Fum, Ski-Hi, Ko-Ket, and their attendants remain.*)

KO-K. (*Rushes to Foxi-Fum's arms.*) O, my father, my trembling heart!

Fox. And my trembling head!

Ko-K. What's to be done?

Fox. I tell you what must be done—a happy man—we must *make* a happy man.

Ko-K. But how?

Kox. 'Tis in your power.

Ko-K. Nay, father; our province is to make men wretched.

Fox. Poor child, she remembers what I used to say to her mother. But Ko-Ket, you *can* do this, and by means of the great Khan Rum Jum.

Ko-K. The wretch! Name him not.

Fox. Rum Jum swore that if you married him, you'd make him a happy man. Now go! Make him a happy man, and while he is happy, bring him here, and his shirt will cover your father with protection.

Ko-K. O, horror! Besides, the sacrifice would be useless. Rum Jum is not always happy.

Fox. He is, I assure you.

Ko-K. No; he's always drunk.

Fox. And, therefore, happy. All he wants is you to complete his bliss.

Ko-K. The wretch! I hate him!

Fox. I know you do; but don't you love your poor father, the author of your being? Wouldn't it be a pity that the author of so charming a production should lose his head.

Ko-K. Well, that's very prettily said, indeed; and if Rum Jum wasn't such a wretch—

Fox. My head.

Ko-K. To linger out one's life—

Fox. 'Tis worse to have it shortened.

Ko-K. I'll do it. Rum Jum, I'm yours.

Fox. And my head's my own. Lose no time. Bring in the palanquin. (*Attendants bring in palanquin.*) Here, Run-Phaster, take charge of the princess: bear her to the court of Rum Jun. Let them be married forthwith: and while he is a happy man bear him hither.— (*Aside to Run-Phaster.*) Lose no time; for there is no knowing how long he may be a happy man. Quick, despatch, away. (*Hands her to palanquin.*) Bless you, my child!

Ko-K. Father, farewell. Nothing but your head could break my heart.

Fox. What a very hard head I must have!

(*Music. Exeunt Omnes, bearing off Ko-Ket in palanquin.*)

SCENE II.—*An Open Scene in India. The ruins of a Hindu temple; a broken fountain beside some palm trees; Paddy Murphy discovered washing a small front of a shirt and a frill in the stream; his dress is rather tattered, and it must be apparent that he has no shirt; his musket and a drum lie beside a fallen column.*

PAT. Well, clane linen is comfortable; and though it's little I have, yet, for the honour o' the sarvice, I

like to make it look as respectable as I can. That'll do. You may hang on that bank to dhry, and I won't have to pay my washerwoman—that's one comfort. (*Hangs up the bit of linen, and comes forward.*) It's a hard thing that an Irishman, whose native land is the land of linen, should want a shirt; but that's the fate o' war. My ducks, too, they are none o' the newest—that's more o' the fate o' war; but I'll give the ducks a swim, by-and-by, to refresh them—but now to rest myself a trifle (*Sits down on his drum.*), and to cogitate on human events. Paddy Murphy, your sowl, where will you go next? I've been thravelling these five days, and dunna where. I'm worse off than a cannon-ball, for that always gets a direction; but the divil a direction I got when I set out on my thravels. Well, I'm the more like a great navigathor; and who knows but in the course o' my thravels I might make some grand discovery, and give Columbus the go-by. As for Columbus, who cares about him? He discovered Amerikay, to be sure; but the divil a much credit he got by that! I wouldn't give any man thanks for discoverin' Amerikay; for it's so big that someone must have discovered it one day or other; so Columbus was no janius. Well, now to my toilet. I'd rather go without a shirt, if I had a choice; "for it's pleasant and cool, says Bryan O'Linn;" but the honour o' the sarvice must be looked to. (*Takes down his tucker, and dresses himself.*) It's a part o' the art o' war to make deceptive demonsthtrations. Now, when

I button up my jacket, who the divil could tell I hadn't a shirt? (*Shouts of alarm.*) What's that? (*Looks out.*) A parcel of black blackguards running as if the divil was after them. (*Run-Phaster, and the attendants of the Princess Ko-Ket run across the stage, shouting, "The tiger! the tiger!" Some bear a palanquin on the stage, and, laying it down, desert it; a scream from the palanquin; Pat takes up his musket, and, standing between the palanquin and the approach of the tiger, fires with a deliberate aim.*) Hurroo! You're dead, my buck! Ha! there's the last kick out o' you. Now, let me comfort the poor darlin' that's left dyin' in this little gazebo, all by herself. (*Opens curtains of palanquin, and discovers Princess Ko-Ket fainting.*) O, the darlin'! O, the nose of her!—and the hair of her!—and the lips of her! I must revive the jewel with a dhrop o' wather. (*Takes a cup, and runs towards fountain, but turns back, and kisses Ko-Ket, who revives.*) That refreshed her! That was betther than wather for both of us! (*Lifts her out of palanquin, and carries her forward in his arms.*)

KO-K. Where am I? (*Reviving, and not seeing Pat.*)

PAT. The darlin'!

KO-K. Where is the monster?

PAT. (*Throwing himself on his knees.*) I'm at your service.

KO-K. What is this? Is it a dream?

PAT. If it is, don't waken me for a month! (*Aside.*) Tare an owns! What eyes she's got!

KO-K. But the tiger—

PAT. Is as dead as a door nail.

KO-K. Dead! Who killed him? (*Excited.*)

PAT. 'Twas I, miss. I hope you're not angry.

KO-K. Angry! no. You have saved my life.

PAT. By my sowl, then, it is the first thing I ever saved.

KO-K. But are you sure the tiger is dead?

PAT. (*Pointing off the stage.*) Look there. Look at him, with more stripes on him than a sergeant.

KO-K. The horrid monster! I had given myself up for lost.

PAT. Then give yourself up, now that you're found. Isn't it myself that would be happy if you'd only— (*Aside.*) O, by this and by that, my heart's gone? O, Paddy Murphy! and is that what you've come to? Have I passed the perils of polite society to be ravished in the desert? O darlin'! you wor— My heart is your own.

KO-K. Generous stranger, thanks for your gallant service. Pardon me, if in my fear, I have exposed my face to the eye of man.

PAT. O, make no apologies for your face!

KO-K. (*Drawing her veil.*) I must now call my attendants.

PAT. Then, upon my word, miss, you must have a very fine voice if they hear you.

KO-K. Have they deserted me, then?

PAT. Faith, they're a mile and a half out o' this,

by this time. The blackguards, to leave a lady and a tiger to dine by themselves.

KO-K. How merrily you joke on so serious an affair!

PAT. That's the beauty of the thing. Any fool can joke on a funny affair, but the fun of it is, to joke on a serious affair!

KO-K. You're a merry creature.

PAT. And always was. I never saw the day when I wasn't merry. I've been hungry, and contented myself with singing "O, the roast beef of old England." I've been thirsty "By the banks of the sweet-flowing Liffey," and marched to the forlorn hope, singing, "Hope told a flattering tale."

KO-K. (*Aside.*) He's a charming fellow. He's a much nicer man than Rum Jum.

PAT. And now, don't you think that a trifle of something would refresh you after your fright? I'll give you something to ate; and it's safer to dine with me than with a tiger, I can tell you.

KO-K. But I see nothing here promising food but the date trees, and I don't like dates.

PAT. I never knew a lady that did like dates, particularly if they were owld dates; but I can refer you to something better than dates.

KO-K. Where?

PAT. Here. (*Brings forward a side drum.*)

KO-K. Why, 'tis only a drum. A drum is empty.

PAT. Ay, your common fellows' dhrums; but I'm a

janius. Did you never hear of a dhrumadary that can carry a power? Well, mine is of that family. It sarves for a musical instrument in the first place, and a sort of thravelling thrunk at the same time. (*Throws out clothes.*) A flying cook's shop, (*Takes out biscuits.*) or ambulatory refectory—an overground cellar. (*Takes out bottle.*) In short, as you perceive, my darlin', my dhrum is like Easter—a sort of movable feast; then, when you've emptied it, turn him up, and you make a seat of him! There, my darlin', sit down on that. (*She sits on drum.*) Now, then, I'll feed you, my little beauty. (*He gives her some food.*) Now for a dhrop o' something. (*Hands a bottle.*) You'll excuse me not having a glass, but I never want one myself, for my mouth holds a glass exactly. Maybe, miss, you'd take the measure of your own?

Ko-K. (*Pushing away the bottle.*) I never take wine.

PAT. Faith, nor I either. I admire your taste, but thry that.

Ko-K. (*Tastes and coughs.*) Oh, that's so strong!

PAT. Faith, it requires to be strong, for the soldiers is always attacking it. Here's to our better acquaintance, miss. Throth, I'm adoring you, so I am.

Ko-K. (*Aside.*) He's a much nicer man than Rum Jum; and a British officer, too. (*To Pat.*) How did you chance to come here?

PAT. I'll tell you, then. We were ordhered to cross a river at night, and surprise an outpost of the enemy; and to prevent our boys being too ready with their

firelocks, and so give an alarm, we were ordered to draw the charges out of our guns. Now, I forgot to draw my charge, you see; and as we crossed the river, and got under the batteries, my commandin'-officer says to me: "Pat," says he. "Sir," says I. "You're sure you've no charge in your gun?" says he. "I'll thry, sir," says I; and with that I ups with my firelock and pulls the trigger, and off it went. "Bad luck to you!" says he; "I'll have you up to a court-martial for that." But the words wasn't out of his mouth till the enemy's guns opened on us, and knocked the shot about our heads like hail; but we leathered them for all that! Now, when the fun was all over, I did not see any use in goin' back to the court-martial, for there's no fun in that; so I determined to make a start of it, and seek my fortune up the country here. But I lost my knapsack in the scrimmage, you see, and so I took the loan of a few biscuits from some o' the boys that had their bread baked that day in the fight, and this drum from a dead drummer, and cut the head out of it; and a mighty purty knapsack it makes, you parsaive, as well as a musical instrument, and a sate for you, queen o' my sowl!

Ko-K. (*Aside.*) What a delightful creature!

PAT. By the powers! this minit I'm the happiest man in the world!

Ko-K. The what?

PAT. The happiest man in the world!

KO-K. (*Aside.*) Then he can save my father's life.
(*To Pat.*) O, noble stranger!

PAT. Eh?

KO-K. Would you come with me?

PAT. Come with you? Sure I would; and go with you! and die with you. But, by my sowl, I'd rather live with you first.

KO-K. (*Aside.*) The dear fellow! Oh, he's a much nicer man than Rum Jum.

PAT. And if you'd only consent to be Mrs. Murphy.

KO-K. Oh, if you'll only come to my father!

PAT. Oh, never mind your father!

KO-K. Oh, but my father's head!

PAT. Oh, but what is his head to my heart? O, my jewel! Listen to your Paddy Murphy. Here you are sittin' on the head of my dhrum, and your own soldier courtin' beside you. In fact, it's a dhrum-head coort-martial; and the pleasantest that ever was sat upon.

KO-K. But first come to my father. He will load you with honours. (*Rises.*) Where's my train?

PAT. Here it is, behind you, miss. (*Points to her dress.*) Hillo! (*Looks out.*) What black thieves are these, crawling like beetles through the bushes? Sharp's the word in an enemy's country! Come behind these ruins with me, my jewel, and I'll reconnoitre them. Don't be afeard, darlin'; I'd sell my life for you!

(*Exeunt Pat and Ko-Ket into temple.*)

Enter RUN-PHASTER and the BEARERS of KO-KET, cautiously.

Run-Phaster stops short and points.

RUN. There!

1ST BEA. What?

RUN. The tiger!

OMNES. Ha!

(They are all running away, till Run-Phaster calls.)

RUN. Stop! He's dead.

OMNES. *(Returning.)* Oh!

RUN. *(Perceiving the palanquin empty.)* Horror! Behold, the palanquin is empty!

1ST BEA. Dust and ashes on our heads. The princess is lost.

RUN. How shall we dare to return to his highness, her father?

1ST BEA. Better never return. Rather fly the country, and cross over into the adjoining territory.

RUN. But there another danger awaits us. The English troops are at war with the Nawaub, and we may fall into their hands. *(The roll of drum is heard outside.)* Hark! I fear we are in danger.

PAT. *(Without.)* First division, advance; second division, take them in flank.

(A shot and roll of a drum, Indians fall down.)

RUN. Ah! We're in the hands of the enemy!

PAT. (*Outside.*) Charge!

(*Rushes on the stage, with his drum slung at his side, and his musket in his hand. Run-Phaster and the bearers lie flat, with their faces to the ground.*)

RUN. Mercy! mercy!

PAT. Do you surrender? (*Beats his drum.*)

RUN. At discretion.

PAT. Divil a much you have of it. Who are you at all? (*Beats his drum.*)

RUN. The bearers of the palanquin that—

PAT. Oh, you're the donkeys that were drawing the young lady's po'shay! Are you? You may get up then.

RUN. Yes; we are the unfortunate servants of her highness the princess. (*They all rise.*)

PAT. The what?

RUN. The princess.

PAT. Was it a princess that was in that? (*Pointing to palanquin.*)

RUN. Yes.

PAT. (*Dancing round the stage.*) Tow, row, row, did-herow. Whoo! Murphy, your sowl, your fortune's made—(*To attendants.*) You ought to blush if you were able, you black thieves, for deserting that lovely creature! Purty bearers you are. Faith, you may be pall bearers now, for she is dead. 'Twill be a saving to you that your faces are in ready-made mourning already.

RUN. Dead! (*Ko-Ket peeps from the ruins.*)

PAT. As a herrin'. The tiger ate her. I saw him pick her bones.

RUN. That cannot be. The tiger is dead. (*Pointing out.*)

PAT. To be sure he's dead. Do you think he could survive such an act of cruelty? He died under the combined influence of grief and indigestion.

RUN. Then the princess—

PAT. Come here. Are you in airnest? Is she a *rale* princess?

RUN. The most illustrious—

PAT. Tow, row, row, didherow. (*Dances about.*)

1ST BEA. He's mad.

PAT. Am I mad? By my sowl, then, I don't envy any man that's in his senses. Hurroo!

Enter KO-KET, laughing, from temple. The Bearers fall on their knees, and make obeisance.

RUN. Her highness lives! Allah il Allah!

PAT. O, my jewel! (*Going to embrace her, Run-Phaster interposes, drawing his sword.*)

RUN. Avaunt!

KO-K. (*Interposing.*) Hold! He is my protector, my champion, my lord. (*Yields herself to Pat's arms.*)

PAT. (*Kisses her.*) Do you see that, you *spalpeen*?

KO-K. He will relieve the kingdom's difficulties. He is the HAPPY MAN!

OMNES. The happy man! (*They kneel.*)

PAT. What a miserable counthry this must be, when
a happy man is such a wondher in it!

KO-K. Let us onward to the palace of my father.

PAT. To be sure. Onward to the palace of *my* father-
in-law. (*Hands Ko-Ket to the palanquin.*) And don't be
afraid if you meet another tiger; for the divil a tiger,
or other foreign barbarian, but will fly at the first tap
of the British dhrum!

SONG

ACCOMPANIED BY HIMSELF ON THE DRUM.

I come from the land of the Pats and Pittaytees,
Tidhery idhery, tow row, row;
Where we're fond of good things, and of coorse of the ladies;
Tid., &c.

But I was unlike every boy of my nation,
Resisting forever love's fatal temptation,
In the noise of the dhrum dhrowning love's botheration,
Tid., &c., tow, row, row.

Til one day I discovered a lady like Venus;
Tid., &c.

Her eyes like the stars in King Charles's Wain is;
Tid., &c.

On the head of my dhrum down she sat on a large hill,
And I coorted her there, till she vowed she was partial,
Can I ever forget that sweet dhrum-head coort-martial?
Tid. &c., tow, row, row.

Then come with your sojer, my own little charmer;

Tid., &c.

To keep us from sorrow, good humour's the armour;

Tid., &c.

Though poor, I am merry; I never look glum;

We shall never want bread, if with me you will come!

When you're hungry, I'll give you fresh rolls on my dhrum!

*(Exeunt Omnes, making a circuit of the stage,
and retiring behind the temple; Pat marching
before the palanquin to the symphony of the
song, beating the drum.)*

SCENE III.—*The Court of Ram Rusti, as before. The*

*RAJA enters, in a melancholy attitude surrounded by
slaves fanning him. His favourite SULTANA, FOXI-FUM,
and SKI-HI are among his train.*

RAM. Still overshadowed by the clouds of despair,
still on the rack of suspended hope.

FOX. (*Aside.*) Would it were suspended animation.

SKI-HI. Alas! my lord! Will not your highness await
the expiration of the third day? My lord shall have
his shirt.

RAM. Can your learning tell me, Moonsee, whether
this promised shirt is one of gorgeous pattern or primeval
simplicity? Answer quickly. My temper is ruffled.

SKI. So is the shirt, your highness.

SUL. Would that I could smooth the ruffles from your highness's temper.

RAM. O, all the ills of humanity make a point to stick in my poor gizzard!

SUL. Would that my tears—

RAM. I have torrents of my own.

(Shouts outside, "The happy man! the happy man!")

FOX. Hark! your highness. *(Shouts continue.)*

RAM. Can I trust my ravished senses? The happy man! Give him entrance! Let me embrace him! *(Rushes to meet the happy man.)*

Enter PRINCESS KO-KET, followed by PAT and crowd, Raja starts, Ko-Ket rushes in Raja's arms.

RAM. Bismillah! Is *this* the happy man?

KO-K. No, your highness. This is the happy man! *(Points to Pat.)*

PAT. I'm happy to see your honour.

KO-K. *(Kneels.)* Sublime highness, *he is* the happy man.

RAM. I will prove if he's impervious to dismay. Stranger!

PAT. Anan!

RAM. You shall be married.

PAT. Thank your honour. Ha, ha! that's settled.

RAM. Wondrous! The prospect of a wife dismays him not; but I'll test him deeper. Bring forth the executioner!

KO-K. (*Kneels.*) The executioner! O, spare him! if not for my sake, for your own! He is, indeed, the happy man!

PAT. To be sure I am, when a darlin' like you plades for me.

KO-K. Believe me, your highness.

RAM. I shall judge for myself.

(*Ko-Ket retires, and seats herself on the divan in centre.*)

PAT. (*Aside.*) If they're going to kill me, I'll die game for the honour of the cloth, anyhow!

RAM. It is the custom of our country to put to death every wanderer who dares to cross its border.

PAT. Then, all I have to say is, it's a bad counthry; and though it's bad enough in the middle, it is worse on the border, it seems.

RAM. Dare you call this a bad country?

PAT. Why, you call it bad yourselves. There's Allahabad, and Farruckabad, and Astrabad, and Firoozabad, and Hyderabad, and Khorumbad, and Futtabad, and Tuckabad; and if that isn't a bad lot, I don't know what is.

RAM. That is but in the name.

PAT. And what worse could a counthry have than a bad name?

RAM. You strangers invade us to rob our land of its riches.

PAT. There you're out again. The divil a poorer place I ever was in.

RAM. Poor!

PAT. Why, don't you call it poor yourselves? Isn't there Burhampoor, and Baltapoor, and Ichapoor, and Serapoor, and Bagpoor, and Rampoor, and Dampoor? and how can a counthry be rich with so many poor places.

RAM. Well, be the country bad or poor, you die!

PAT. 'Twill be neither richer nor better for that. Besides, it's against your own interest to kill accomplished strangers, who could put the French polish on your mahogany population; and, moreover, if, when distinguished thravellers come into your counthry, they never get out of it, how can the civilized world know anything about you? Answer me that.

RAM. 'Tis well and pleasantly argued—but still you die—but you shall have your choice of many deaths I will propose to you.

PAT. Thank you.

RAM. (*Aside.*) By Allah, his happiness is unbroken. (*Takes a roll of paper from his girdle, puts on a pair of spectacles, and reads.*) Number one.—Trampled to death by elephants.

PAT. That would be pleasant enough, I dare say; and one of their thrunks would save the expense of a coffin.

RAM. Number two.—Tied to a wild horse, whose swift career—

PAT. I like that betther. I'm fond o' riding; and you could write to my friends to say I had gone off in a galloping consumption!

RAM. Ay; but we have *slow* poison, too.

PAT. Pooh! Slow poison would never overtake a smart fellow like me.

RAM. Number four.—Flayed alive!

PAT. That's only skin deep.

RAM. Number five.—Blown from the mouth of a gun.

PAT. That'll do. Take down canisther No. 5; there's a peculiarity in that I like. I can hear a good report o' my own death!

RAM. By Allah, he's unshaken! He is the happy man! Stranger, I honour you. You shall not die, but live in glory.

PAT. I'd rather live in clover, if it's all one to you; but give me your fist, anyhow. Give me your fist. You are a jolly ould cock, after all.

RAM. I will do this stranger honour. Bring pipes and coffee.

PAT. Pipes and tabakky, you mane.

RAM. Come hither, Astrologer, Moonshee—

PAT. Is this a *she*? What a beard she has! I'll lend you the loan of a razor, ma'am, to-morrow.

RAM. You must cast the horoscope of this wondrous man.

PAT. What's a horoscope?

SKL. A mystical instrument, which enables us to see into futurity.

PAT. O, I persave. Then a horoscope can see farther than a telescope.

SKI. Of course you know the day you were born?

PAT. Of course I do *not* know the day I was born.

SKI. Not know the day of your birth!

PAT. No; we never care in Ireland when we were born, or, for the matter o' that, when we die either.

RAM. Does no one in Ireland know the day of his birth?

PAT. It would be hard for them; for people in Ireland are sometimes born on two days, ever since the time of St. Patrick, our patron saint, whose nativity was so uncertain that the custom prevails in Ireland to this day. I'll explain it to you.

SONG

On the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
That St. Patrick, at midnight, he first saw the day;
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn;
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blamed the babby, and some blamed the clock;
Till with all their cross questions, sure no one could know,
If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.

Now, the first faction fight in ould Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of St. Patrick's birthday;
Some fought for the 8th, for the 9th more would die,
And who wouldn't see right, sure they blackened his eye.
At last both the factions so positive grew,
That each kep a birthday; so Pat then had two;
Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins,
Said no one could have two birthdays but a twins.

Says he, "Boys, don't be fighting for 8 or for 9;
Don't be always dividing, but sometimes combine;
Combine 8 with 9, and 17 is the mark;
So let that be his birthday."—"Amen," said the clerk.
If he wasn't a twins, sure our history will show,
That at least he's worth any two saints that we know.
Then they all got blind drunk, which completed their bliss
And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

RAM. O, happy man!

PAT. Why, one would think you never saw a happy man before. My principles is this, that as long as a man has a shirt to his back—

RAM. (*With excitement.*) Ay, the shirt!

PAT. As long as a man has a shirt to his back—

RAM. You seem to know the value of a shirt.

PAT. It's odd if I wouldn't. No man is better provided in that particular.

RAM. He owns, then, to the possession of the treasure. It must be mine. (*Aside.*) Without there, bring forth the richest robes my court can boast. I will hold a grand investiture of the khillaut upon this stranger.

PAT. Kill what! Is it goin' to kill me agin you are?

RAM. (*Aside to Foxi-Fum.*) He seems to know the value of the treasure he possesses. We must tempt him with high reward.

FOX. Good, your highness.

RAM. Bring forth the dresses. (*Sumptuous dress is produced.*) Behold, it is our custom to interchange

dresses with the guest we mean to honour. Noble stranger, these dresses are for that purpose. Wilt thou exchange robes with Ram Rusti?

PAT. Do you mean I am to give you these things for them things?

RAM. Even so. (*Pat bursts out laughing.*)

PAT. (*Aside.*) What does he want with my ould rags, I wonder?

RAM. (*Aside to Foxi-Fum.*) He laughs at the proffered gift. We must tempt him higher.

FOX. Certainly.

RAM. Stranger, to ratify our friendship, ask any gift you please, demand whatever your heart desires that we can give, and it is thine.

PAT. Well, you said I was to be married. Will you let me choose my wife?

RAM. Certainly.

PAT. Then this is the little darlin' I have set my heart upon. (*Leads down Ko-Ket.*)

FOX. My daughter! The devil!

PAT. No; that's your other daughter. This is your daughter, the angel!

FOX. My daughter! I'll not consent.

RAM. (*Aside to Foxi-Fum.*) Take the choice of losing your daughter or your head.

FOX. O, I can spare my daughter best!

RAM. Now then, to ratify our contract, your clothes are mine.

PAT. With the greatest pleasure. I wish they were better.

RAM. Your jacket.

PAT. Yes.

RAM. You shall have this caftan for it. And those.
(*Points to Pat's trousers.*)

PAT. Sartinly.

RAM. Behold the equivalent. (*Handing trousers.*)

PAT. (*Taking them.*) You call this an equivalent.
We call 'em trousers.

RAM. I tremble to ask for the invaluable garment.
(*To Pat.*) Your a—your hat.

PAT. Here it is. I'd recommend your honour to have a little bit added to the leaf of it. 'Twill save your royal nose, for mine is a trifle ornamented, you see!

RAM. This turban, with a diamond of cost, is thine.
(*They exchange.*)

PAT. (*Aside.*) I think a cargo of *caubeens* from Ireland would be a good spec to this place.

RAM. Your—a—(*Aside.*) I fear his refusal.—
(*Whispers Pat.*)

(*To Pat.*) Your a—

PAT. O, dacency!

RAM. It must be mine!

PAT. O, you'll excuse me!

RAM. I'll have no excuse!

PAT. Sir, I'll give you anything but that. Don't ask it. I am fastidious on that point.

RAM. It is my greatest need.

PAT. Well, it's not *that* makes *me* particular, for I

have plenty of them; and you shall have a dozen of my best, as soon as it is conveynient.

RAM. No; that will not do. It must be the one you now wear.

PAT. You'll excuse me, your honour.

RAM. I am positive.

PAT. So am I. I wouldn't give you the shirt that's on me for the world.

FOX. (*Aside to Ram Rusti.*) He knows its worth. Seize it by force.

RAM. It shall be so.

PAT. Don't imagine I begrudge you the shirt. Linen is too plenty in my counthry to care much about it; but the shirt I wear at present is endeared to my feelings by being the particular one my mother gave me.

RAM. Ha! She was a sorceress!

PAT. No; she was a Mullowny!

RAM. (*To Ski-Hi and Foxi-Fum.*) What is a Mullowny?

FOX and SKI. I don't know; but seize the shirt.

RAM. Is it resolved. Stranger, give up the shirt, or force shall make it mine!

PAT. Is it before the ladies?

RAM. Seize him, guards!

PAT. I'll die before the honour of the cloth shall be tarnished!

(Guards attack him. Pat fights. In the struggle they pull the sleeves out of his jacket, and expose his breast, and discover Pat without a shirt. Ram Rusti rushes upon him, and snatches the bit of frill from Pat.)

RAM. Sorcerer! where is the rest of your shirt?

PAT. At the wash, upon my honour.

RAM. And can so small a shirt make you happy!

PAT. The measure o' happiness does not depend on a yard o' linen, more or less.

FOX. (*To Ram Rusti.*) 'Tis a magic garment, and has shrunk to that (*points*) to evade your highness.

RAM. Well thought. 'Tis mine! (*Holds it up in triumph, and presses it to his heart.*) I am happy! I am happy!

PAT. Are you? Well, you're aisily plased. A little linen goes a great way in this counthry, I see!

RAM. You shall be governor of a province. Make all those around you as happy as you have made me—happy as you are yourself.

PAT. By dad, your highness, if I can make others happy, my own happiness is complete. When *my* merri-ment is re-echoed by surrounding friends, then, indeed, I feel myself the happiest man in the world!

NOTES

NOTE 1.

Clare's Horse.—O'Brien, Lord Clare, commanded one of the most famous of the Irish regiments in the service of France. At Ramillies, Fontenoy and elsewhere his dragoons did great service for the French arms.

NOTE 2.

Irish sailors.—Irishmen abounded in the navy in the earlier years of the century. They were mostly pressed men, and some of them were among the ringleaders of the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore.

NOTE 3.

Scrouging.—Squeezing.

NOTE 4.

Couple-beggar.—A degraded clergyman who solemnised marriages for a small fee, as described in "Handy Andy".

NOTE 5.

Hog and Tester.—A hog was a shilling, a tester sixpence.

NOTE 6.

"Stoneybatter".—A district in North Dublin. Batter is from the Irish *bother*, a road—the stony or rocky road.

NOTE 7.

"Go to the Devil and shake yourself".—The name of a lively Irish air. One of the early works of John Field, the famous pianist and inventor of the nocturne, (who was a native of Dublin) was an arrangement of this air, and Fétis, the author of the standard French dictionary of music and musicians, mentions it as two airs, namely, "Go to the Devil" and "Shake yourself".

NOTE 8.

Sack-'em-up.—A "Sack-'em-up" was a body-snatcher, a resurrectionist.

NOTE 9.

Mr. Purcell.—Peter Purcell was the leading proprietor of the coaches which ran from Dublin about the year 1830.

NOTE 10.

"Sandhara".—*Saunders' News Letter*, *The Morning Register* and the *Freeman's Journal*, here alluded to, were the chief daily papers of Dublin at the time to which the story belongs. The two last were the more national.

NOTE 11.

Swords.—An ancient place, where there is one of the mysterious round towers and a castle. It is a few miles outside Dublin, on the northern side, and its name is said to be of Danish origin.

NOTE 12.

Voster.—Elias Voster's "Arithmetic" was one of the most commonly used schoolbooks in Ireland early in the century.

NOTE 13.

Station.—In Ireland a "station" was a religious gathering held at a well-to-do farmer's house, where the priest was accommodated, and where he heard the confessions of the people and said mass. They were common in remote districts where there were no chapels.

GLOSSARY

ACUSHLA (*a chuisle*) pulse, vein—*acushla machree*, pulse of my heart.

AGRA (*a ghradh*) O Love!

ALANNA (*a leinbh*) child.

ALPEEN—a stick.

ARRAH! (*ar' eadh*) (literally, *was it?*) indeed!

ARON (*a ruin*) beloved, sweetheart.

AS THORE (*a stoir*) my treasure.

AVIC (*a mhic*) my son.

AVOURNEEN (*a mhuirnin*) darling.

BAITHERSHIN (*b'fheidir sin*) that is possible! likely, indeed!

BALLYRAGGIN—scolding.

BANSHEE (*bean-sidhe*) (literally, fairy-woman) a death-warning spirit in the older Irish families.

BAWN (*ban*) fair, white.

BLADDHERANG—blathering (from *bladaire*) a flatterer, etc.

BLASTHOGUE (*blastog*) a sweet-mouthed woman.

BOCCAGH (*bacach*) a cripple, a lame beggar.

BOREEN (*boithrin*) a little road, a lane (a diminutive of *bothar*, a road).

BOSTHOON (*bastun*) a poltroon, a sumph.

BROGUE (*brog*) a shoe.

CAUBEEN (*caibin*) an old hat, but really the diminutive of *caib*, a cape, cope, or hood.

CAISTLA-NA-KIRKA—Castlekerke.

- CEAD MILE FAILTE—a hundred thousand welcomes.
- COLLEEN DHAS (*cailín deas*) pretty girl.
- COLLIOCH—an old hag, (*cailleach*).
- COLLOQUE—collogue, whispering, probably from *colloquy*.
- COLUM CUIL—St. Columb kille, (St. Columba of the cells).
- COMETHER—a corruption of “come hither”.
- CRONAN—the bass in music, a deep note.
- CRUISKEEN (*cruiscín*) a flask or other vessel for holding drink.
- CUSHLA MACHREE (*a chuisle mo chroidhe*) pulse of my heart.
- DAB—an adept.
- DAWNSHEE (from *Damhainis*) acuteness.
- DEOCH AN DORAIS—the parting-drink, the stirrup-cup.
- DEOCH SHLAINTE AN RÍOGH—health to the King.
- DHUDEEN (*duidín*) a short pipe, what the French call *brule-gueule*.
- DRIMMIN DHU DHEELISH—(literally, the sweet cow with the white back, but used figuratively in Ireland)—the name of a famous Irish air.
- DROLLEEN (*Dreoilín*) the wren.
- DROOTH—thirst (cf. “drought”).
- FAG AN BEALACH—sometimes spelt *Faugh a ballagh*, clear the way!
- GAD—withe, etc., for attaching cows.
- GARRAN MORE—*Garran* means a hack horse, a gelding; *more* means “big”.
- GILLY (*Giolla*) servant; hence the names Gilchrist, Gilpatrick, Kilpatrick, Gilbride, Kilbride, etc. (*Giolla-Chriosda*, servant of Christ; *Giolla-Phaidrig*, servant of Patrick etc., etc.).
- GOM (*gommoich*).
- GOMMOCH (*gamach*) a stupid fellow.
- GOSTHER (*gastnir*) prate, foolish talk.

- GOSsoon (*garsun*) a boy, an attendant (cf. French *garçon*).
- GRAMACHREE (*gradh mo chroidhe*) love of my heart.
- HULLAGONE (*uaill a chan*) an Irish wail.
- IAR CONNAUGHT—Western Connaught.
- INCH A GUILA—Inchageela, Co. Cork.
- JACKEN—a contemptuous term for a fop or cad.
- KEEN (*caoine*) the death-cry or lament.
- KIERAWAUN ABOO!—Kirwan for ever!
- KIMMEENS—sly tricks.
- KISH (*ceis*) a large wicker basket.
- KISHOGUE (*ciseog*) a wisp of straw, a stem of corn.
- LANNA—i.e. *alanna*, which see.
- LEPRECHAUN—a mischievous elf or fairy. The popular idea in Ireland is that if you catch one working at his usual occupation (behind a hedge) of shoe-making, and do not take your eyes off him, which he endeavours to induce his captor by various *ruses* to do, he will discover where treasure is hidden.
- MABOUCHAL (*mo bhuachaill*) my boy.
- MACHREE (*mo chroidhe*) my heart.
- MA COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHEEN NA MBHO—"The pretty girl milking her cow," a famous Irish air.
- MALAVOGUE—to trounce, to maul, perhaps from Latin *mallens*.
- MAVOURNEEN (*mo mhuirnin*) my darling.
- MILLIA MURTER—a thousand murders, a common ejaculation.
- MOIDHERED—the same word as bothered, itself evidently Irish.
- MULVATHERED—worried.
- MUSHA! (*ma is eadh*) if it is! well! indeed!
- NHARRROUGH (*narrach*) cross, ill-tempered.
- OCH HONE—an Irish exclamation expressing grief.
- OGE (*og*) young.

OMADHAUN (*amadan*) a simpleton.

OWNY NA COPPAL (*coghan na gcapall*) Owen of the horses.

PADHEREENS (*paidrin*, from *paidir*, the pater) the Rosary beads.

PHAIDRIG NA PIB (*padraig na bhiop*) Patrick of the pipes,

Paddy the piper.

PHILLALEW (*fuiil el-luadh*) a ruction, hullabalew.

PINKEEN (*pincin*) a very small fish, a stickleback.

PLANXTY (*plaingstigh*) a particular Irish dance measure.

POLSHÉE—Diminutive of Polly.

POLTHOGE (*palltog*) a thump or blow.

POTEEN (*poitin*) (literally, a little pot), a still; hence illicit whiskey.

RATH—a circular mound or fort, very common in Ireland, and popularly believed to be inhabited by fairies.

RHUA (*ruadh*) red or red-haired.

SCALPEEN—(from *scalp*), a fissure, a cleft.

SCUT—an English word, signifying a thing of little worth.

SHAN DHU—dark John.

SHAN MORE—big John.

SHANE RUADH—red-haired John.

SHAN VAN VOGH (*Tsean Bhean Bhochd*) "The poor old woman", a noted Irish song.

SHEBEEN (*sibin*) a place for sale of liquor, generally illicit.

SHILLALY, SHILLELAH—an oak stick, a cudgel, from the word of Shillelagh in Co. Wicklow.

SHILLOO—a shout.

SHOOLING—strolling, wandering (from the word *siubhaloir*, a tramp, a traveller).

SHOUGH (*seach*) a turn, a blast, or draw of a pipe.

SLEEVEEN—a sly, cunning fellow, from *sliobh*, sly.

SMADDHER—to break, from *smiot*, a fragment.

SMIDDEREENS—small fragments, probably from the word *smiot*, a small portion or piece.

SONSY—happy, pleasant, probably from *sonas*, happiness.

SOOTHER—to wheedle, from the English *soothe*.

SPALPEEN (*spailpin*) a common labourer, also a conceited fellow with nothing in him.

SPIDHOGUE (*spideog*) a puny thing or person.

STHREEL (*strailead*) a slut, a sloven.

STRAVAIGING—rambling.

TEAMPUL PHAIDRIG—Temple Patrick.

THRANEEN, TRANEEN (*traithnin*) a little stalk, a trifle.

ULICAN—the same as *Hullagone*, which see

USHA—see *musha*.

WEESHEE—little, from “wee”.

WEIRA, WIRRA—see *wurra*.

WIRRASTRUE (*o Mhuire is truagh*) O Mary, it is sad! an ejaculation to the Virgin.

WISHA—see *musha*.

WURRA (*o Mhuire*) O Mary! (i.e. the Blessed Virgin).

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